THE NEW REPUBLIC

LAOS

Who Broke the Ceasefire?

by Bernard B. Fall

The Berlin Wall - I

Louis J. Halle

Interview with Walter Lippmann

Jean Stafford on "The Slave"

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June 18, 1962, 2.

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Buying Stock? Don't

★ A lot of financial commentators are implying now that they felt the stock market was too high all along. If they knew it, why didn't they say so? We said so. The market toppled not because of the steel crackdown, irritation with Kennedy, or a "crisis of confidence"; it fell because stocks were too high. We think they are still too high. There are two rule-of-thumb tests: Top level industrial stocks average a normal yield of about 5 percent; even after the drop they don't average that now. And for half a century stocks have had a substantially higher price/yield ratio to bonds than they do today, even after the drop. There are (and always will be) bargains on the stock market. But here is our advice to the average layman about ready to buy stocks. Don't.

Now that the stock market has fallen the next big question is, Are we headed for a recession? The answer is, We needn't be. A bold Administration with Congressional support can head it off by expansionary spending and tax cuts. Fear of a mid-1963 recession, which is strong here, is based on three other cyclical patterns since the war which ended in recessions and which this one seems to be following faithfully at present. Recovery indices are still moving up but are beginning to flag; more particularly Kennedy hasn't taken the steps necessary yet to break through Eisenhower economic stagnation and he hasn't begun to re-educate the public in what needs to be done after eight years of conservative indoctrination.

We haven't seen the thing put better than in an interview with Gunnar Myrdal, the great Swedish economist and scholar, in the *Washington Post*. "I am convinced the world's greatest problem is how the hell to get America out of economic stagnation," he began pithily. It is more important than Berlin or Laos. Comparing economic growth to population growth, he said, "America really has a typical stagnant economy." It weakens the US in its confrontation with Russia and China, he said, it frustrates the nation internally and externally.

He found it "astounding" that voters and businessmen are satisfied with the limping growth rate. US economists have been "conspicuously inefficient" in teaching the ABC's of economics to the public. Most of America's current talk about balanced budgets is "superstition and ignorance," he said. Then he added a fact so simple and true that we wish, somehow, it could be broadcast everywhere: "The strength of the dollar depends *not upon gold* but upon what is being produced in the farms and the factories." Amen. How can you protect the dollar if you weaken the economy on which the dollar is based?

Checking on Estes

★ Everybody in Washington is watching the Billie Sol Estes scandal to see if it involves the Kennedy Administration, as Republicans excitedly charge. So far, we must say, it has been rather a dud from the GOP viewpoint. We don't think the House Committee investigation amounts to much; it will be the Senate McClellan investigation that will get under the surface. The worst hit politician so far is not a Democrat but a powerful Republican Congressman, Carl Andersen, Minn., who "sold" $4,000 worth of stock to Estes in a family coal mine, and who after this revelation has suddenly decided not to seek re-election as a Republican but as an independent.

The Republicans

★ We were surprised to find a comment in the usually well-informed *Business Week* that after the California primary Nixon has "a better chance" of beating Gov. Brown. Not according to our fallible judgment. In any state but volatile California we would say that Nixon's 2-to-1 margin over his Birchite rival was very ominous for him. It should have been four to one at least.

At some personal sacrifice we read the 2,500-word "Declaration of Republican Principle" last week, fearing the worst but not expecting what we got. The GOP is the conservative party in America and a very good party, too, in its time and place. The alternating American cycle of advance and consolidation needs a conservative party as much as a liberal party. But this is a contradictory, hypocritical statement all set over with confusing banalities and clichés, like a soda bottle full of London fog. It is all rather discouraging.

Up There in the North

★ Canada's national election comes June 18 and we suppose US newspapers will give it some coverage the final week. We looked through the huge Sunday *NY Times* June 10 (10 sections) and found half a column on page 34. Canada, if you don't remember, is the country up north of us, filled with nice reliable people who in some strange way have neglected opportunities to join the US. They are our best customers. Canada sends more tourists to spend more money in the USA than all the rest of the world combined, but in Washington's new policy of advertising abroad to attract tourists not a cent has been spent in Canada. The flow of communications is all one way: Canada knows about us, we ignore them. The present election is the most unpredictable since the war, with overtones of the 1960 US election. Both parties favor the same goals but the "Outs," the Liberals (Lester Pearson), charge the "Ins," the Conservatives (John Diefenbaker), with "indecision, procrastination, confusion and contradiction." The foregoing isn't very detailed but it is more than appeared in most US papers last Sunday.

After France

★ The Fascist Franco dictatorship in Spain is breaking up. When it does it will be tough on the US for we have subsidized it with $1.3 billions since 1953. The estimated 6,000 political prisoners will hate us. We did the same thing in Cuba. Batista, like Franco, was our baby. And now look.

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When Chiang Goes

The appointment of a new Ambassador to Taipei, retired Admiral Kirk, does not appear to mark a new departure in American policy toward the Chinese Nationalist Government-in-exile, nor toward the nine million embittered Taiwanese on whom this regime has been imposed for the last 17 years. Nevertheless, Chiang Kai-shek is 74. He is not, presumably, immortal. When he dies the myth of a Nationalist return to the mainland will be interred with him, and a new Taiwan policy (not to mention a new China policy) will be inevitable. But by that time the US may find it is too late to develop a stable, independent non-Communist regime on the island.

As an American client-state, Taiwan received $643,664,000, exclusive of military aid, between 1951 and 1956, and US aid has continued at an average rate of $100 million a year. The US Seventh Fleet, patrolling the waters between Taiwan and the China mainland, has made this island of 11 million people impregnable to Communist attack. With the second highest standard of living in Asia, Taiwan is in a good position to advance economically. Likewise, the presence of a number of Western trained and educated intellectuals and government officials should have created a favorable climate for the democratization of Taiwan's political and social institutions. Yet Chiang has failed to create a regime which could survive without US subsidies and police state autocracy.

The paradox of Taiwan is, in part, the result of its history. Originally inhabited by an assortment of head-hunting aboriginal tribes, it was colonized chiefly by Chinese immigrants beginning in the 15th and 16th Centuries. Chinese imperial administration became effective on the island only in the 19th Century, and it was supplanted in 1895 when the island was ceded to Japan as part of the spoils in the Sino-Japanese war. Japanese influence was deep and pervasive over the next 50 years. When Taiwan was returned to Chinese authority at the end of World War II, the Japanese left behind a heritage of education, language, agricultural and economic development, and a colonial economy.

The Taiwanese welcomed the return of Chinese authority in 1945, ending their colonial status, until it became plain that the Nationalists were as corrupt on Taiwan as they had always been on the mainland. By February, 1947, Taiwanese disenchantment with Chinese administration had reached rebellious proportions. An island-wide revolt soon engulfed all of Taiwan. It was quelled only by the

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massacre of some 100,000 leading Taiwanese. The consciousness of a separate Taiwanese identity which had grown during the years under the Japanese was reaffirmed by the 1947 revolt and by the arrival of some two million Chinese refugees from the Communist-controlled mainland. These refugees today occupy the important policy-making positions in the "national" government, the army, the police, the educational system, and the civil service. Both the government and the tax system are run by and for the outlander minority group who live, figuratively, with their bags packed. The chief goal of the government is the return of the Kuomintang to the mainland by any possible means, including a third world war if necessary. That is the chief mission of the island's 600,000-man Army, supported largely by US aid.

In recent weeks, taxes have been raised 20 to 50 percent with the aim of increasing available government income for the reconquest of China. These taxes (and the consequent price rise) bear most heavily on the Taiwanese, whose only interest in the policy of return is that it might rid them of the burden of two million carpetbagging foreigners. The Taiwanese majority has no voice in formulating the policies of the government or in organizing its administration. Elections for national legislative bodies have not been held since 1948, when the Taiwanese were allotted only a few seats in a legislature of over 1,000 members. Although the economy has made remarkable gains through a land reform program carried out by an unusual group of imaginative American and Chinese administrators, and though some industrial progress has been made through American aid, the effects of over-population are beginning to be felt. Taiwan has begun to import rice, which was formerly an important export crop.

While the Chiang Government has become less corrupt, it has yet to win mass support. There has been a steady erosion of the already limited freedoms of speech and press whenever the regime has felt itself imperiled by liberal ideas or criticism. The *Kung Lun Pao*, the only Taiwanese daily in Taipei, has been under constant government pressure. Three of Chiang's opponents have been sentenced to death in recent weeks, including Su Tung-ch'i, a prominent Taiwanese politician. When Su was arrested on September 19, 1961, he had been an elected member of four consecutive sessions of the Yunlin County Council. He had been active in the effort to organize a non-Communist opposition party under the leadership of Lei Chen, editor of the now suppressed non-Communist *Free China Fortnightly*. In March, 1961, Mr. Su, together with two other county councilmen, endorsed a plea for presidential clemency for Lei Chen, who had been convicted of sedition and sentenced to a 10-year jail term. Although Su's own arrest was "for treasonous activities," no official charges were made against him for more than 40 days after he had been jailed. He was then charged with complicity in the anti-Chiang "Taiwan Independence Movement." In the interim his wife was arrested and released three times.

Taiwan's political deterioration has been accompanied by a decline in morale. Only a small percentage of the students who have managed to go abroad for education have returned. The passivity of the Taiwanese (four-fifths of the total population) is due to the destruction of the opposition elite in the 1947 revolt and to Chiang's success in preventing the rise of a younger generation of leaders.

Despite its official disclaimers of interference, Washington has contributed to retrogression in Taiwan as much by omission as by commission. Neither this Administration nor the last has taken seriously the possibility of an autonomous Taiwan. The continued and apparently unqualified endorsement of Chiang, and the support he himself has found in Congress, have enabled him to present himself as the only alternative to a Communist Taiwan. Lei Chen dated his own doom, and the doom of his *Free China Quarterly*, from the withdrawal under Kuomintang pressure of American subsidies (in the form of subscriptions).

Chaing Kai-shek's departure, whether by age or assassination, is likely to endanger the constitutional succession to power. It would therefore be wise to consider now the possible alternatives. There are intellectuals and government officials on Taiwan who could, if given some encouragement, form the nucleus of an effective opposition. There are also hundreds of Chinese intellectuals in the United States and elsewhere who could become an engine for regeneration, though at present they escape from their despair by disinterest. In Tokyo there is a militant though still largely ineffectual independence movement which seeks a non-Chinese Formosan Republic. One of its journals, *Taiwan Youth*, published in Japanese, is a well-edited and articulate statement of the interests of a large majority of the Taiwanese.

Taiwan could have a promising future, once the US makes up its mind that the Chinese civil war is over and that henceforth our primary aim will be Taiwan's development as an independent entity rather than its maintenance as a temporary garrison for the Kuomintang. But it is hard to see how such a decision can be implemented without removing Chiang Kai-shek, or more precisely, ceasing to support him and thus allowing the Taiwanese to remove him. Such a program clearly involves political and diplomatic risks. "What would Ngo Dinh Diem think?" "What would Senator Dirksen say?" One can only add a final query: In the calculus of the next twenty years are the opinions of Diem and Dirksen likely to matter?

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Absolutely No

Foreign aid as a device for playing opportunities within the Communist zone? As leverage to encourage impulses toward national independence in such capitals as Warsaw and Belgrade? In a blind and impulsive mood, the Senate last week answered absolutely no. Led by Democratic Senators Proxmire and Lausche, with an assist from Republican Senator Cotton, the Senate abruptly reversed a long-standing, bipartisan policy and voted, 57 to 24, to eliminate all US assistance to Communist-dominated countries or those "known to be dominated by Marxism," whatever that means. The performance was disgraceful. Respected Senators who first voted against tying the President's hands in this manner, changed their minds when they saw which way the wind was blowing and recorded themselves on the winning side. A move to reconsider failed. Only the House can now preserve for the Administration flexibility in the use of aid funds.

Foreign aid was up for consideration for the first time since the neutralist conclave in Belgrade. Clearly the Senate was in no mood to take the long view. Haven't Yugoslavs been making friendly gestures to Moscow. Let's punish them. Anyway, pure and simple anti-Communism is like cash in the bank in an election year. It can be said also that the presentation on behalf of the aid bill lacked something in energy and thoroughness. The Agency for International Development had insisted on handling the details for itself, with the State Department standing aside. But at the critical stage of voting, AID director Hamilton was preoccupied and could not be located. Two junior attorneys on the staff were left to keep a futile watch from the gallery.

Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's quest for convincing arguments against the pending amendments to ban aid to Communist regimes elicited an obviously too-hurried answer from the President's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, McGeorge Bundy – a letter which confused matters by failing to distinguish between the proposal to ban cash aid and another even "tougher" proposal to extend the ban to surplus agricultural commodities available under Public Law 480. The disarray of the Administration's case provided an opening for the "tough" version, perennially and heretofore futilely sponsored by Senator Lausche. The Senate accepted Lausche's motion after modifying it to include Senator Cotton's language about countries "dominated by Marxism."

Just back from the West Point commencement, the President got the news and pitched in to retrieve whatever was retrievable. Second thoughts by farm-state Senators helped. And next day the Senate marched down the hill a little, withdrawing the ban on surplus farm commodities. The rest remains.

FOOTNOTES *to the* WEEK

TALKS IN BRUSSELS have to some extent become a competition between Britain and France for the allegiance of the rest of Western Europe. The French have never concealed their opposition to Britain's entry into the Common Market on terms which would allow the UK to retain present links with the Commonwealth and the US. But the French cannot afford to take the blame for the failure of negotiations which most of "The Six" desperately want to succeed. If they are thought to have blocked Britain's admission on terms which the others would accept, de Gaulle's chances of exercising the influence he aspires to in Europe will be destroyed. —— THE ARRAY *of reading matter laid out aboard the President's plane for his trip to the West Point commencement included a copy of the Republican* New York Herald Tribune, *to which the White House had cancelled its subscription. The President was not amused. A steward was summoned to dispose of the copy.* —— MILITARY STRATEGISTS have long complained that NATO ground forces were so weak in Central Europe that Soviet aggression could be met only by a retreat beyond the Pyrennees and the English Channel, or by a thermonuclear exchange with the USSR. Now NATO Commander Norstad expects to have his forces up to 30 divisions by autumn, sufficient to defend Western Europe without resort to nuclear weapons unless the Warsaw Pact countries used them first. Nevertheless, new "tactical" atomic weapons are being delivered to front-line troops. —— UNOPPOSED *by Congress, Kennedy's science reorganization act went into effect June 8. It places all scientific activities of the Executive Branch under a White House Office of Science and Technology, headed by Dr. Jerome Weisner. The new set-up will simplify planning and budget-making.* —— BRAZIL'S unstable government has been trying to keep its military leaders in line. Two admirals, Heck and Aragao, are under arrest, the former for criticizing Rio Grande's Governor Brizzola (the nationalizer of IT&T), the latter for praising him. General Bevilaacqua is also under arrest, and the powerful General Alves has been threatened with arrest – both for suggesting that anti-Communism was becoming a mask for fascism. The government has also reportedly pressured the Vatican to ask Cardinal Don Jaime de Barros Camara, bishop of Rio de Janeiro, to refrain from criticizing Brazil's foreign policy. —— THE SENATE-HOUSE *conference on the higher education bill will begin discussing on June 19 whether to provide grants or loans to private colleges, whether to provide special grants for two-year colleges, and how to kill the Administration-backed proposal for undergraduate scholarships approved by the Senate but anathema to the House.*

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Crisis Number Seven

Traditionally in California the votes a candidate loses in a party primary stay lost in the general election. Richard Nixon realized great gain in his first campaign for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950 because she had come through a bitter Democratic primary fight in advance. If past experience is a reliable guide now that California has abolished cross-filing, Nixon will be a dead duck in November.

On June 5, in a state where registration favors the Democrats by 4 to 3, 35 percent of the Republicans voted against Richard Nixon in a primary as virulent as that of 1950. Thus far, Nixon has resisted the plea of "party unity above all else," withheld his endorsement of the three Republican candidates for Congress who belong to the John Birch Society and urged them to renounce "this totalitarian group." But Governor Brown is predicting Nixon will go easy on the Radical Right because "he must have the Society's dollars and doorbell ringers in the fall campaign."

The chief political analyst for the Republican *Los Angeles Times*, James Bassett, a former Nixon aide, writes that "the burning question is: Can the ex-Vice President bridge the gap between the moderates of his party and thus bring about the unity required for a 90 percent loyal Republican turnout in November? . . . In wooing the conservatives . . . will Nixon alienate that 20 percent of the Democrats he must draw if he expects to beat Governor Brown?" The answer one California Democrat gives is: "I don't think Nixon can win this race, but Pat Brown has plenty of time to lose it."

Governor Brown has his problems. He lost 17 percent of the Democratic vote to political unknowns in the primary. Also, the voters turned down school bond issues he had counted on to present a balanced budget. Negroes in Los Angeles have been upset by Democratic Mayor Sam Yorty's remarks linking the NAACP to racial disturbances in the city. President Kennedy's spokesman in the state, Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, was in open conflict with the more liberal Council of Democratic Clubs in several Congressional primaries.

Unruh and Brown are now counting noses to determine whether to risk a special session of the legislature to repair the damage from the bond issue failure. President Kennedy has pledged at least two California appearances on behalf of the ticket. (California's eight new Congressional seats are precious prizes.) And the state Democratic organization is preparing for a major registration drive to swell their advantage.

Hard as it may be for some of his critics to admit it, Nixon represents the forces of responsibility in the Republican Party of the state. The organized ultraconservatives in California are well-financed, and with some able local leaders. They are engaged in a concerted effort to capture the county and state central committees, the Young Republicans and the Women's Federation. They can probably command more precinct workers at the moment than can the moderates. About all that stands between them and victory is Mr. Nixon and the conspicuously thin layer of top-level state GOP officials who share his views.

If Nixon loses, it looks quite likely that the far Right will take over the California party leadership. With California and Texas, which they already control, as their keystones, they could build an arc of strength through the Mountain and Plains States and the Old South that would be an effective force in the 1964 Republican convention and thereafter. Mr. Nixon's hope, expressed bluntly in private conversation, is to build a counterforce centered on moderate or progressive Republican Governors he hopes are elected in Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and California.

Hoffa on the Skids

The impression grows that the boss of the Teamsters has passed his peak. Jimmy Hoffa's boast that he would be taken back into the AFL-CIO this year would ring hollow if repeated today. No fewer than three criminal cases are pending against him and a fourth – or even a fifth or sixth – could be lodged at any time in the next few months. On June 19, Hoffa is scheduled to stand trial in the District of Columbia for assault on an official of the union at its headquarters in Washington. In September he is to appear in a federal district court at Tampa on mail-fraud charges arising out of some dubious investments in Florida real estate. Hoffa also is under indictment at Nashville on charges of having taken over a million dollars from a truck operator in violation of the Taft-Hartley Act.

In the meantime, another grand jury in Washington is taking testimony on Hoffa's financial dealings in the Midwest, including the financing of a cab company on behalf of one David Probstein, a shadowy figure who dropped out of sight seven years ago after figuring briefly in the McClellan Committee's probe of the Teamsters, and who has just been found by the FBI.

Besides potential criminal sentences, Hoffa faces possible prosecution for violation of the antitrust laws. The Department's Antitrust Division is scrutinizing a recently signed contract under which a mileage fee is to be imposed on all "piggyback" shipment of trailers by railroad flatcar. Certain trucklines have agreed to these payments, which they will make to the Teamsters' welfare fund. To the Department's antitrust lawyers this contract smells strongly of restraint of trade and offers what some feel is an excellent case. But Hoffa, need it be said, employs the very best legal counsel.

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EDWARD McCORMACK IS DOWN BUT NOT OUT

First Round for Brother Ted

Springfield, Mass.

Massachusetts State Democratic conventions are usually raucous, chummy affairs in which the delegates happily alternate between the joys of aggression and reconciliation. But not this year. The national press was watching last week, and many of the delegates looked as if they felt that big brother was watching too.

In defeating State Attorney General Edward J. McCormack, Jr., favorite nephew of the Speaker of the House, in the first round of their contest for the US Senate, Edward M. Kennedy showed that he had energy, aggressiveness, and one of the best smiles in the business. Nevertheless, the most powerful presence was that of the President himself. It was easy enough for most of those who had come to Springfield to imagine that Ted's crowd would be willing to use the powers of the federal government to provide carrots or sticks as required, and this thought, fantasy or not, had a discernible effect.

When the balloting for US Senator began it soon became apparent that the Kennedy swing was even more decisive than had been predicted by Stephen Smith, the President's brother-in-law, who was in charge of keeping track of the delegates. When the roll call on the first ballot had just gone by the halfway mark, McCormack stepped to the rostrum to concede. He added that he had determined to "take his case to the people," which, freely translated, meant that McCormack will run against Kennedy in the Democratic primary this September. McCormack says that "if it had been a secret ballot I would have won two to one," and he considers it his "patriotic duty" to oppose Ted for the nomination, since a Kennedy victory would "give the Republicans their greatest national domestic issue in 1964, the charge of a Kennedy dynasty."

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:

July 23 *August 6*
August 20 *September 3*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 10

Ted Kennedy's style is strongly reminiscent of his brother's in 1952, 1958 and 1960: the same sort of earnest, clean-cut young men and crisply pretty girls handling their assignments with unruffled efficiency; the rather menacing if-you're-not-with-us-watch-out air; the professional experts on hand but kept well in the background; the obvious indications of plenty of money in the campaign till; the same spirit of ruthless pragmatism which seems to suggest that every problem can be solved by careful analysis and vigorous action.

McCormack will have to travel this state much faster and farther if he expects to defeat Kennedy in the Democratic primary in September. In addition to superior organization, Kennedy now has the advantage which comes by law from being the Convention endorsee: his name will appear at the top of the primary ballot with the legend, "Endorsed by the Democratic Convention." Also he has now acquired some of the mystique of invincibility which makes an opponent's job of raising money and volunteers much harder.

McCormack's remaining advantages appear to be an edge with the Negro, Jewish and labor votes ("I will get the anti-hutzbah vote," he says), and a clear majority in liberal-academic backing. One of the few points of excitement in a fairly dull pre-convention campaign was provided by Professor Mark de Wolfe Howe of the Harvard Law School who wrote a letter to some 4,000 academicians across the state seeking support for McCormack. This letter said the choice was "between a bumptious newcomer and an experienced and gifted public servant," praised McCormack's "courageous initiative in safeguarding the rights of those whom our society too often disregards," and called Kennedy's candidacy "both preposterous and insulting." Among the many Massachusetts intellectuals who have since agreed to help McCormack are R. R. R. Brooks, Sidney B. Fay, Perry Miller, Reinhold Niebuhr, John P. Roche, Colston Warne and most of the Democrats on the Harvard Law School faculty who are not in Washington.

A much smaller group of scholars under the leadership of Professor Samuel Beer of Harvard, a former chairman of ADA, has been formed to promote Kennedy's candidacy. The rationale of the Beer bloc is that if Kennedy wins he will initiate much-needed reforms in the Massachusetts Democratic Party and that he will be a sure vote in the Senate for the President's programs. But one member of this faction has been telling

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friends that, after sitting in on several closed sessions which Kennedy has held with the Beer group, he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that Kennedy will be as inactive in party activities here as his oldest brother was during the years he served in Congress.

So far as support for the President's legislative program is concerned, the rather substantial sheaf of policy statements which McCormack issued during the campaign indicates only two points of disagreement with the Administration. McCormack believes that federal aid to private and parochial schools would be desirable unless declared unconstitutional (but he will not vote against aid to public schools as a means of forcing his point), and he criticizes Robert Kennedy's wire-tapping legislation as not containing adequate safeguards for the protection of civil liberties.

If Ted succeeds in defeating Ed in September, he will face in November either Congressman Laurence Curtis or former Assistant Secretary of Labor George Cabot Lodge – and possibly also Professor H. Stuart Hughes of Harvard. Curtis, a veteran Republican who is much admired by professionals in both parties for his political resourcefulness and sagacity, is among the conservatives in his party. Lodge, a liberal of the Case-Javits stripe, would probably be vetoed by many conservatives in favor of Kennedy, as was his father, Henry Cabot Lodge, when he was defeated by John Kennedy for this same Senate seat in 1952. Hughes, who seeks to run as an Independent to dramatize his views on disarmament and nuclear policy, faces the difficult task of collecting more than 72,000 valid voter signatures before his name can be placed on the ballot. He can't win, but he might stand as another obstacle to victory for Kennedy by drawing support from normally Democratic voters.

JOHN L. SALTONSTALL, JR.

Fallout Isn't All That Dangerous

I had been worried by the propaganda of a few lunatic-fringed groups, who claimed that fallout from atmospheric nuclear tests would cause cancer in the present generation and abnormal infants in the next. But a glance at last week's report of the Federal Radiation Council has put my mind at rest, somewhat.

The report, "Health Implications of Fallout from Nuclear Weapons Testing through 1961," notes that fallout and radioactive debris from nuclear tests, including the last Soviet series but not the current US one, will cause no more than 2,700 fatal cases of bone cancer and leukemia in the US during the present generation (the next 70 years), and produce only a few thousand deformed, blind, deaf, feeble-minded or otherwise defective children in succeeding generations. The figures for the whole world are a little higher: 27,000 deaths in this generation and about 50,000 defective children in future ones. These figures represent only a "very small" increase in the number of deaths and mutations that would occur anyway. Almost a million Americans in this generation will die of leukemia and bone cancer. Of this total, up to 84,000 cases of leukemia and 14,000 cases of bone cancer will be caused by cosmic rays and other sources of natural radioactivity, such as soil, water and air.

Getting out a pencil, I calculated that past atmospheric tests will increase the death rate from these diseases by only about three percent. With exemplary objectivity, the report says: "The fact that exposure from some [natural] sources is generally accepted without question should not in itself be a reason for accepting exposure to added levels of man-made radiation"; and the authors concede that, "In addition to the gross defects . . . there may be unknown but probably a considerably larger number of mutations with less obvious effects such as minor physical abnormalities, mild diseases, impairment of physiological functions, and reduced resistance to infection or other stresses of life. Part of this damage will result in a lowered probability of survival at various ages." Moreover, "Mutations which have a mild effect on the individual may cause substantial damage in the aggregate. This is because the mildness permits these mutations . . . to persist in the population longer than mutations with severe effects, and thus to affect a correspondingly greater number of persons."

By referring to a helpful table in the Appendix, I learned that the risk of getting leukemia because of past nuclear tests is only one in 100,000, and the risk of getting bone cancer is only one in 300,000, or one in 75,000 altogether.

I later quoted these odds to a physician friend, but he was no help. If his memory served him correctly, these were about the odds for getting polio in the dark days before the Salk vaccine. A relentless chap, he pushed his argument further by asking how many subscribers *The New Republic* has. "About 40,000," I replied. "Then," he persisted, "I can offer you even money that one of your readers will die of leukemia or bone cancer because of nuclear testing." Well, physicians are notoriously bad at mathematics.

A story in *The New York Times* stated that the fallout report was made available to President Kennedy on February 15, and that it "played a key part in the Presidential decision that the US could resume atmospheric testing without posing an undue health hazard to the world's population. . . ." Officials said ". . . that the fallout from the US tests in the Pacific would only be 'a small fraction' of that contributed by the Soviet series of last fall." I had forgotten for a moment that US tests never contribute more than a tiny fraction of the total fallout.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS

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The Long Arm of the US

In contrast with its neighbors, the Federation of Malaya has performed economic miracles since it gained its independence from Britain five years ago. Instead of falling back, it has forged ahead. Its standard of living, considered to be the highest in Southeast Asia, is still rising. Fulfilled expectations have separated the Communists from their mass base. Foreign investments have been warmly welcomed to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

As the Malayan Government appreciates, however, the economy suffers both from specialization and the chronic disease of almost all underdeveloped countries – falling commodity prices. Building up greater economic strength by industrial diversification is essentially long-range, and for a considerable period Malaya's eggs will continue to rest in the uncertain baskets of rubber and tin. For the past 30 years boom and bust fluctuations in the prices of these commodities have been the bane of all Malayan administrations. Rubber almost quadrupuled in price during the first year of the Korean War and snapped back just as quickly when the crisis was over. Tin soared to the prewar price of semi-precious metal, then dropped.

Malaya's answer has been to increase its production and its quality. Since the end of the Second World War it has gone steadily ahead of Indonesia as the world's largest producer of natural rubber. Every year now is better than the previous one. Total output in 1958 was 660,090 tons. In 1961 it was 736,000 tons. It will be higher again this year. Faced with the continued expansion of the synthetic rubber industry in the United States and elsewhere, and especially with the development of stereo-rubber synthetics, the Malayan Government has accelerated the pace of replanting in both larger estates and in the small holdings. Its research into new high-yielding strains of natural rubber is being pursued with the utmost vigor. Legislation soon to be enacted will ensure that all the exports are of top quality. In other words, it is doing all it can.

In the tin industry, also, production is increasing. The $553.1 million received for tin metal exports last year was the highest ever. To a large degree, therefore, Malaya's stability in the Southeast Asian sea of instability depends on the efficiency of its rubber and tin industries. Its prospects for further economic and social development are similarly dependent. Two important factors – price and demand – are beyond Malaya's control, however. The knowledge that America's tin surplus is enough to supply the world demand for a year and that the unrestricted release of its rubber stockpile could deliver a lethal blow at the Malayan industry has always been a source of nightmares for Kuala Lumpur. Ideally, as a basis for world price stabilization, it would like to sponsor the creation of an international buffer stock of rubber, using the US stockpile as a foundation.

Like the rest of the underdeveloped world, Malaya complains bitterly that while the prices of manufactured consumer goods have risen continuously, the prices paid (mostly to underdeveloped countries) for raw materials have declined sharply during the past decade. Thus, the US decision to reduce its rubber stockpile, said to be prompted by Senator Symington's stockpile investigating subcommittee, brought bitter though hardly unexpected complaints from Malayan industry and also sharp government comment. Mr. Johari, the Federation's Minister of Commerce and Industry, greeted the news from America with a statement that it was designed to keep the price of natural rubber at an uneconomic level. He called it "economic subversion." Rubber, he said, was the vital sector of the Malayan economy.

The success of the Second Five Year Plan, the struggle to raise the living standards in the rural areas, and Malaya's ability to whittle back the influence of the Communists all depend, Johari said, on the price of rubber. Failure of the United States Government to take into full consideration all the factors concerned constituted a "flagrant disregard of the well-being of the peoples of the underdeveloped countries."

Mr. Johari's comments were exaggerated. If sales from the stockpiles are limited to 5,000 tons a month, Malaya will not suffer too badly. Where his remarks merit urgent attention, however, is in the common fear of the underdeveloped countries that the economic dice are loaded against them by the developed, or more properly, the Western countries. Aid programs, however generous, do not compensate for the imbalances of trade which the faulty price ratio of primary to manufactured products has helped to create. Moreover, aid programs rarely sink down to the plantations and villages, which are the first to feel the pain of falling commodity prices.

Denis Warner

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Nebulous Intellectuals

One Stanley Millet, PhD, sent over by the United States educational aid program to teach political science in Saigon University, has been expelled by the South Vietnamese Government, not because he has committed any crime but, according to a government official, because he is a "nebulous intellectual."

Why "nebulous?" It would seem to be redundant, since "intellectual," standing alone, is sufficient to brand a man as *persona non grata* to a government that accepts thuggee as an instrument of national policy. Intellectuals are by definition a class committed to the theory that reason is, in the long run, a more powerful persuader than a bull-whip.

Indeed, one might think that "nebulous" would be a mitigation, rather than an aggravation of the offense of intellectuality. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines "nebulous" as "cloudy; hazy; misty; vague." An intellectual of that type, surely, is less dangerous to political officials than one whose thinking is as clear, sharp and lucid as that of the late Mrs. William Bausernschmidt, a lady of quality who cleaned politics out of the Baltimore public school system. "You have to handle politicians with kid gloves," said Mrs. B, "and you have to have a rock in your mitt."

The dispatch announcing his expulsion contained no hint of the substance of Dr. Millet's teaching, but as he is an American the reasonable presumption is that he taught political science along the line generally followed in this country. That line starts at the Socratic assumption that man is a reasoning being and will respond reasonably to full and accurate information.

That assumption was first made by men who were in fact reasoning beings and although it has been applied in practice only sporadically, its theoretical validity has not been questioned, in the Western world, until recently. The 20th Century, however, is engaged in putting it to the test. That is the central fact of the history of our times. The East is testing, by experimentation on a massive scale, the opposing hypothesis that what we have termed reason is in fact the sum of conditioned reflexes and therefore is susceptible of complete and permanent change by a change in the conditioning. The process that the Chinese call "brain-washing" does appear to be permanently effective in altering the personality in a significant number of cases.

That is to say, the appropriate kind of torture of the appropriate degree of severity applied for the appropriate length of time can convert a man, permanently, if not into the exact opposite of, yet into something radically different from what he was before the torture was applied. To the conscious accepters of this doctrine, chiefly Communists, a Western intellectual is, of course, a heretic. To its unwitting accepters – for instance, the John Birchites in this country and the banditti called dictators scattered around the globe – the intellectual is an offense, although they don't realize just why.

The demonstrations, however, have thus far proved only about 10 percent effective. That is according to Dr. William Sargant, who bases his estimate on the work of his former teacher Pavlov, with dogs, as well on his own with the human detritus of the Nazi concentration camps. An effective rate of 10 percent is significant, but hardly conclusive, certainly no warrant for abandoning our own position. The Western intellectual therefore continues to be the bane of practitioners of government by bull-whip.

Our vulnerable point is not ideological, but practical. The brainwashers are still a long way from proving that their hypothesis has statistical validity. The fact that a thing can be done in a few instances by dint of extreme effort does not establish its utility as an instrument of policy. Yet we have too often given the impression that we are at least half-convinced. When we send our Dr. Millets to teach the people our political science and at the same time supply their oppressors with bull-whips to prevent the same people from practicing our political science, on which side do we stand?

With the same cheerful readiness we dispatch to the far corners of the earth the Peace Corps and the Marines. It is no cause for wonder that the result is a bewilderment among foreigners that gives rise to all kinds of erratic action – paving stones hurled through the windows of free libraries, and a teacher booted out by a government that enjoys our powerful and expensive support. We think ourselves consistent – the Marines are for the short run, the Peace Corps is for the long and eventually successful pull. But there is consistency also in the view that once you have tolerated force, it is hard to replace it with reason. "Cloudy; hazy; misty; vague" – it is to be feared that Dr. Millet is far from unique as a nebulous intellectual.

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WALTER LIPPMANN

An Interview by David Schoenbrun

Schoenbrun: Mr. Lippmann, a year ago you returned from Russia and reviewed the world situation, and now you've just returned from Western Europe. Many things have changed in this past year. Would you review the situation now?

Lippmann: I think there are signs that would permit one to say that the balance of forces between East and West has shifted somewhat in favor of the West. When I say shift in our favor, I don't mean that the situation has shifted the way we'd like it to shift everywhere in the world. What I mean is that as between the Communist coalition and the Western coalition . . . the balance of forces, military, politically, economically and psychologically, is rather more favorable to us than it was, or seemed to be, six months ago. We have developed the power through various measures we've taken to survive any attack the Soviets could make on us, with such a devastating reply that they'll never make the attack; and it is now universally recognized in Europe, as far as I can make out, that that is the situation, and one of the signs of this change is that it's a long time since anybody talked about a shelter in this country.

Schoenbrun: Mr. Lippmann, what's the thing that has convinced us, and maybe even the Russians, that things have changed?

Lippmann: I think the best proof that this estimate is accepted in Moscow, not merely in Paris and Bonn and in Washington, is that they resumed nuclear testing. They resumed nuclear testing, because they knew they were behind us in nuclear power. . . .Well, the other proof is, that they really have become much more prudent in their dealings with us, both in Berlin and Germany, and in Southeast Asia, for example.

Schoenbrun: In your trip around Western Europe, I'm sure that you spoke with many Soviet diplomats. What explanation do they give about American-Russian relations today?

Lippmann: Well, I was talking to one not long ago, and I said – I asked him, "What would you say was the biggest change that's occurred in our relations? They're obviously not as dangerous as they were a year or two ago." And we both accepted the impossibility of nuclear war between us, and so on. And he said, "Oh, I think I can tell you." This was a fairly young man but very important. He said, "I think I can tell you. We both have gotten over the idea that the other is omnipotent." I said, "Well, explain that." And he said, "Well, when anything went wrong in the world that we didn't like, in Russia, we said that's Washington and Wall Street. . . And you, when anything went wrong, said, 'Well, that's made in Moscow.' As a matter of fact, we can't even run China, or Albania, much less the world, and we know that we are not omnipotent and we know that you aren't."

Schoenbrun: If the balance is now in our favor, where does that leave us with the great unsolved problems of the world – Berlin, Laos, China? Perhaps we can begin with Berlin?

Lippmann: Both sides have recognized the existence of the stalemate. That's the big change in the past year there. You remember that when the President saw Khrushchev in Vienna he came away with the impression that Khrushchev was going to use force of some kind to make us give up West Berlin, and there was an ultimatum at the time. You remember that it had to be done by the thirty-first of December, and if it wasn't done by the thirty-first of December, he was going to make a separate treaty with the East German Republic, and they were going to strangle the access, and he was going to back them up, and so everybody said, "Let's build shelters for the war that's coming." Well what happened? Two things happened. First of all, he didn't strangle Berlin. He cut off East Berlin and Eastern Germany from the West by building the wall across Berlin. Just the opposite of a blockade. And on the other hand, he withdrew the ultimatum. He took the time limit away, and once that happened the fuse was taken out of the Berlin crisis, and we were in then for what we've got – a long period of talk.

Schoenbrun: Why is it necessary to negotiate? Why don't we just sit still on the status quo?

Lippmann: Because it isn't safe. You see, Berlin is one of the places in the world where Soviet and American troops are just across the street from each other. It's the only place. . . . Somebody could start something, a scuffle or a row, or a captain gets drunk or something. We'd put up tanks and then they'd put up tanks and then somebody shoots. . . . We have to be on talking terms with them so that in case some trouble comes, we can always explain it to each other.

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Schoenbrun: It seems to me that Dr. Adenauer's bitterness, his intensity of feeling, must be based on something more than just the fear of partition. There must be other roots to it, wouldn't you think?

Lippmann: There is an emotional basis for it, and you know the fact is that Doctor Adenauer has become a very old man and a very old man doesn't like the things he's used to, to change, and he became used, when John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State, and even before that when Acheson was Secretary of State, to having, to being the most consulted man in Europe on European affairs by the United States. Well, he isn't that any longer and that is a hard thing to get used to. . . . He thinks things are being arranged behind his back. . . . We don't make a move that we don't tell him about, but he's irritable and suspicious about it.

Schoenbrun: Well, isn't it always true that when we do make a move and consult him, that we often quarrel with him, perhaps more than we did in the past?

Lippmann: Yes, because we are trying to get an accommodation about Berlin – we were talking about, you know, something that will work for a few years until the day comes when we can begin seriously to deal with the question of the reunification of Germany, not by abolishing East Germany, but by making the two coalesce and grow back together into one nation. And that day won't come while Dr. Adenauer is in office, and it won't come while Ulbricht is in office in East Germany. But when those two men go, and I don't know when that'll be, it will begin, because the pull of union between them is very much stronger than any other force, and will prevail.

Schoenbrun: If the tide is changing, just where does this leave Africa?

Lippmann: I think we have succeeded – well, that sounds too boastful. I think it has happened through good luck and good management, that Africa will not become the scene of a great conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States. The instrument, of course, has been the United Nations in the Congo. I don't think the Soviet Union is now in the position to intervene in any effective, important way in Africa. It's too far away. Her wealth isn't great enough. Her military reach isn't great enough, and I think if that's played wisely, we have averted that. Now that doesn't mean that the problems are settled, because what's going on in Africa, and other parts of the world . . . is something that didn't start in Moscow and it didn't start in Washington. It started right in the soil of the country. It's a revolutionary condition. . . Those things grow out of the soil and that will go on, even if we do get to reasonably good co-existence with the Soviet Union and get China hedged in and so on, still, that'll go on. Africa will probably be in a turbulent state for a hundred years.

Schoenbrun: I wonder if you could talk to us a bit about Southeast Asia, and the great danger spot that's in the news all the time – Laos?

Lippmann: The most important thing about Laos is to know where it is. . . . It borders on China and it borders on North Viet-Nam . . . so you'd expect that China would be the great country acting in Laos, but what we find is that Russia is the country that is acting. Now, Russia is almost as far away from Laos as we are. They've got to come all the way around and it's not easy for them to get there, just as it isn't easy for us. It's easier for us, maybe, than for them. And the question is, what are the Russians after? Why are they so interested? Not because they think Laos would be a gold mine for them if they could somehow or other put up a Communist – Russian Communist – government there. The country is a miserable affair. No use to them – anybody. It's a liability. . . . I think their object there is, primarily, to prevent the Chinese, who are reckless and inexperienced, from doing something that would produce a war between the United States and China, just as we had one in Korea. . . .

Schoenbrun: There's a very different situation, of course, in South Viet-Nam. How do you evaluate that?

Lippmann: I don't think the Russians have any great interest in making South Viet-Nam Communist, and I don't think they greatly resent our helping them to defend themselves against the guerrillas, because they are old-fashioned in their views of diplomacy, and that's our sphere of influence, and we're behind the line. . . . The interesting thing about Viet-Nam is how little they have protested about it. . . .

Schoenbrun: Perhaps we can make a quick jump to another part of the world – to Cuba. You suggested about a year ago that we were making too much of a fuss about Mr. Castro. He really wasn't a very important fellow, just let him alone and he'd fall down. How do you feel about Mr. Castro today?

Lippmann: Castro is much less important than he was a year ago. His prestige in South America has gone down. His power to harm us has proved to be negligible. We have problems enough in South America, but they don't come from Castro.

Schoenbrun: Could you evaluate this Kennedy administration now?

Lippmann: . . . he knows there's no such thing as victory in a nuclear war, and so, he doesn't talk about it, and doesn't try to act as if he thought it was possible, so on that side he's very good. Now, in the alliance, he

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is faced with problems that are very difficult, because what is really happening there is that while our military supremacy or leadership – let's say pre-eminence – inside the alliance is undisputable, . . . our economic and financial pre-eminence in the world, relative to Europe, is declining. Our great creditor position in the world has, of course, been liquidated through wise policies – the Marshall Plan and Foreign Aid, and so on. . . . They (the Europeans) are much more powerful, financially, than we are. They have surpluses and we have deficits. Then, another thing that plays a very great role is in the fact that they have found ways, through financial policy and tax policy, and . . . budget policy, to produce much higher rates of economic growth than we have. We conduct a fiscal policy – had been conducting it under President Eisenhower, and we continued under President Kennedy – which does not fit the growth of the modern world, and under President Eisenhower we had three recessions. We've been running way below our potential, and at a growth rate which has been around three percent, which is very low compared to any other great industrial power in the world. This has not been corrected under Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy has made moves during the recession to alleviate distress in certain areas . . . but the basic condition, the basic financial policy of prematurely balancing the budget, which is what I think he has done, is based on the fact that if he doesn't do that, he will be attacked by the Republicans and by a large part of the Democrats as irresponsible, disreputable, and so on. We are throttling our own development by a refusal to allow the economy to have enough stimulus from public as well as private investment to keep going at a high rate.

Schoenbrun: I wonder if you could be specific about that. What should we do that we aren't doing?

Lippmann: The immediate thing to do, I think, is to make a very severe and substantial reduction in direct taxes on incomes and corporations. . . . That is not merely a shot in the arm – that's really nourishment for the economy. I think we're trying to make too big a part of our tax revenues come by direct taxes, by income taxes, and I think the people feel the weight of that where . . . they don't feel indirect tax like the gasoline tax and tobacco tax and so on. I think we've gone beyond the endurable limits of direct taxation. . . .

Schoenbrun: Do you think that it's possible, with all the tremendous burdens of our commitments at home and abroad, to cut government income or to replace direct taxes by indirect, or is there some other way of generating the means for our commitments?

Lippmann: If we can raise our annual rate of economic growth from three and a half to four and a half, we'll produce probably thirty or forty billion dollars a year more wealth than we do now. And that will pay for all of these things. . . .

Schoenbrun: Perhaps we could talk about some of the people around the President. How do you evaluate the Attorney General?

Lippmann: The Attorney General, Bobby, is a very attractive human being, but his greatest weakness, I'm afraid, the thing that I worried about before he was appointed, is that when he's bent on what he thinks is the right course, he's rather ruthless in action. . . .

Schoenbrun: Well, now, what about some of the other people in the Cabinet? Secretary of Defense McNamara and Dean Rusk?

Lippmann: Well, Dean Rusk has proved himself, I think, since roughly speaking last summer, to be a really first-class negotiator with the Russians. He's got one quality that is indispensable for dealing with the Russians. He never gets bored. He can say the same thing and listen to the same thing. The Russians say the same thing ten times in the course of an hour. He can listen to it and say his thing ten times, and he says this, himself, and it's a great quality. And therefore I think he's been a very successful negotiator with the Russians. His negotiations with Gromyko, end of August I think it was, after the wall business, resulted in taking the ultimatum out of the Berlin situation.

Schoenbrun: What about Mr. McNamara?

Lippmann: Secretary McNamara is the ablest man who has come into the Pentagon since it was built. He's the man who more than any man who's ever occupied the post, understands the whole problem just as well as any general does, and he's quite able to talk to the generals and the colonels and the strategists in the Pentagon on even terms. They can't just talk down to him as a layman. The result is that you have what we're supposed to have in this country – civilian control of the military in a way that I don't think we've had it since the war.

Schoenbrun: Mr. Lippmann, you've been telling us the tide is turning in our favor. A lot of citizens in this country would really disagree with you. There's Laos in which we look very bad. There's Turkey uncertain. Algeria blowing up. France in trouble. Brazil, Argentina. What do you say to people who are genuinely worried about all of this?

Lippmann: Well, I didn't say that the world was going to go just the way we want it to go. What I say is that as between our world, the Western world, with us in a military sense in the center of it, and the Communist world – the Soviet Union – the balance is more in our favor than it was a year ago. Now, what happens in Cuba and what happens in Brazil, and so on, is going

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to go on for a century in one form or another, and anybody who thinks that out of a favorable turn in the balance of power he's going to get utopia, or the world just as he wants it, doesn't understand the nature of things. . . . Who won the modern age? It's gone on for five hundred years, changing. One power was up. Another power was down. You don't win ages. I mean, you can win a battle on the ground, but it's just foolish to talk about victory in a thing as large as the process of history on a global scale. I believe our society, while it is going to change from within, and is changing, is not going to be overwhelmed or buried, as Mr. Khrushchev once said, by this other society. If anything, I think its influence is growing, or has been growing in very recent times. It was going down. Now, I think it's begun to go up. But I don't think we'd better be complacent. I'd keep my fingers crossed.

– CBS Interview, June 7, 1962

The Berlin Wall–I

by Louis J. Halle

In this first of three articles on the Berlin Wall, based on a recent visit to Berlin, Mr. Halle describes the physical and human situation in both halves of the city. In the second he will deal with the wider significance of the Wall, its tragic implications in terms of past history. In the last he will define the issue that is posed by Berlin for American foreign policy.

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

Over two million men, women, and children, finding themselves a hundred miles deep in hostile territory, penned into half a city by stone wall and barbed-wire fencing, having only tenuous communications with the distant world of their friends – one would expect such people to be suffering from claustrophobia as well as fear. The unique physical characteristics of Berlin, however, operate against this. No other great city has such a high proportion of countryside within its limits. Roughly 22 miles square, at least one-third of the city is forest, meadow, farm, river and lake – almost all on the western side. One forest, the Grunewald, is more than six miles across one way, almost four another. West and north of it a system of lakes extends for some 16 miles. Within the ugly fence that surrounds them, therefore, the West Berliners can enjoy hiking, camping, fishing and sailing; they can get away from city streets to open waters and sylvan solitudes. And by plane, at least, they can travel safely to West Germany.

In the heart of their city the extensive *Tiergarten* is at its loveliest in May, as lovely as Washington's Rock Creek Park and better tended. Rabbits munch the grass in its fields, ducks herd their broods on its waters, moorhens scamper over its grass border, nightingales sing. (At its east end, however, this lovely park is bounded by the Wall with its barbed-wire trimmings.)

Berlin, East or West, has not been completely rebuilt since its destruction in the war. Away from the main avenues and squares one sees ruined buildings – or those parts of them that have remained standing – amid empty, bombed-out lots.

My first afternoon I walked out *Budapeststrasse*, in West Berlin, past a fine new shopping row, beyond which the empty lots with their occasional ruins began. Along *Tiergartenstrasse* all was desolation – great public buildings, cracked and broken, each isolated in its surrounding wilderness, each empty. There has been no attempt to rebuild this part of the city.

As one walks down the city street toward the Wall, across this desert left by the war, one sees fewer people. At one point there is a desert outpost manned by two policemen with rifles. One of them crosses the empty street, smiling, diffident, and courteous, to tell me I may go no further in this direction.

Roundabout I go, then, to come at last to a narrow street with occasional broken buildings on either side. One block away, the Wall crosses it; and now not a soul is in sight. I might be visiting the planet Earth after it had been deserted by mankind.

Just before the Wall, at the end of the block, the bottom story of a broken building has been restored. In a show-window are shining examples of the latest thing in stoves and refrigerators (left behind by mankind). But still no sign of present human habitation. The windows of the dirty buildings that crowd up to the Wall on the other side (the east side) are like dead eyes. The string barrier across the street on this side, with its red-and-white pennants, which must have been put up just before mankind departed, has now fallen down – but I respect it nevertheless and turn

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back. (How can one be sure that, on the other side of the Wall, there might not lurk some survivor of mankind with a gun?)

Again, back and around I go, and now down *Stresemannstrasse*. Here, once more, are remnants of human life – a few silent people, a boy on a bicycle, a police-booth with two policemen, and the string barrier marking the boundary of no-man's-land, about 40 feet from the Wall. The Wall, running across the street, is not closely fitted to the paving-blocks and street-car tracks, so that a mouse could get through easily.

West Berlin is dead at the Wall but comes alive as the distance from it increases. The residential area of Dahlem reminds one of Lake Forest, Illinois. Here the Wall seems as distant as in Geneva, more distant than in Washington. At dinner in a charming suburban home, surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens, one can report that there is no tension in Berlin.

The knowledgeable Berliners say that the situation along the Wall seems more dangerous from Washington or London than from Berlin itself. I share that impression. It can happen (and does) that an unexpected incident will cause policemen in West Berlin and *Volkspolizei* ("Vopos") in East Berlin to exchange shots across the Wall. However, the notion that such an exchange could escalate into nuclear war is fantastic. Even the notion that an exchange of shots across the Wall between American tanks and Soviet tanks could escalate into nuclear war is implausible. Neither the Soviet Union nor the Western powers have so little control of the situation as that. Therefore, while the Berliners are angry about the Wall, while it is a standing offense to them (as to anyone who sees it), they are not frightened.

There is sobriety on both sides. Precautions are taken. Barriers keep people back.

Guards – East and West

Just to the west of the Brandenburg Gate the Wall runs plump across the broadest and most beautiful avenue of Berlin. West of the Wall in turn, at this point, and entirely in the British sector, the Soviet War Memorial is still guarded by a couple of Soviet sentries, just as when I was last in Berlin 10 years ago. (It is an enclave within an enclave.) Now, however, the sentries in turn are guarded by barbed-wire entanglements around the Memorial, and by a British sentry outside the entanglements who performs just like the guards at Buckingham Palace (though he is in shirt-sleeves and has no busby). He stands at attention, immovable, like a wooden doll, eyes forward. Suddenly there is a clack and a stamp – the gun at his side has sprung to his shoulder. Another stamp and a quarter turn. Now the wooden doll marches off along its beat with the long, free stride of the old British Empire.

There is only one place where unofficial foreigners like myself can cross the Wall: the *Friedrichstrasse Auslanderübergang* (translated: "Checkpoint Charlie"). In the middle of the street is a wooden building with American MP's in or around it; on the sidewalk a couple of West German policemen with rifles. Half-a-dozen Berliners, two or three tourists, stand on the pavement just looking. Perhaps 200 feet farther down the street is the Wall, here lower than elsewhere and two or three layers deep, with openings just wide enough for a car to squeeze through. On the other side are the "Vopos," tommy-guns across their backs, binoculars about their necks.

The American MP examines my passport, takes down my name, hotel, and room-number – also the hour when I expect to return. Then (all alone in no-man's-land) I walk on, to the Wall, through the Wall, and past the "Vopos." I enter a narrow wooden building and hand my passport to the East German policeman behind the first window, who is fat, pleasant and courteous. He keeps it, directing me to a seat farther on. Farther on, another policeman asks to see my money *bitte*. (Literally, he asks to see my gold, as if we were at the bottom of the Rhine in the *Niebelungenlied*.) Jointly, we count it out on the table and the sum is recorded. After 10 or 15 minutes the passport is handed back and I proceed – past a window where I exchange five West German marks for five East German marks.

It has been raining intermittently, but now the sun comes out, warming the hearts of people everywhere – like the rain, which has so recently fallen on the just and unjust alike. East of the Wall, as west, people are smiling and courteous. They go briskly about their business. (Unhappiness, on both sides of any boundary, is a complex and private matter.) Children play tag or throw balls. Young men back their girls into doorways to kiss them – in the East as in the West. The policemen look very much like policemen in the West.

New lindens, unplanted 10 years ago, are growing up on *Unter den Linden*, the broad avenue that leads to the Brandenburg Gate (from the east now). Beyond the Gate one sees the same Wall that one had seen from the other side. On this side, too, well this side of the Gate is a barrier – this one of solid wood and manned by "Vopos" with tommy-guns over their backs and binoculars (Zeiss 7x50) about their necks. They do not appear interested in anything west of the Wall. Their binoculars are used, rather, for constantly scanning the no-man's land that borders it on their own side. When I walk up to the barrier the binoculars are trained on me, with the curious effect that my determination to do nothing foolish is reinforced.

Near the corner of *Marx-Engels Platz* is a low building with columns, an aborted Greek temple far from

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the Greek homeland. A sentry stands before it, rigidly at attention. Out of a nearby building three soldiers in file, carrying rifles, march lockstep – that is, so close to each other that arms and legs must move in perfect unison, no daylight between. At the temple they halt, turn smartly, and now in line-abreast goose-step up to the wooden sentry. Abruptly he comes to life and, by some elaborate maneuver, changes places with the middleman of the three. Now he goose-steps away with the two on either side. At the street the new threesome turns and, once again in file, lock-steps away to the building from which the original threesome had emerged.

This lock-stepping and goose-stepping arouses some vague associations, not pleasant, in the foreign visitor's mind. He is reassured, however, by a sign: *Der Frieden würd über den deutschen Militarismus siegen* [Peace will triumph over German militarism].

Peace Through Hate

Everywhere are signs reading: *Vaterland, Frieden, Sozialismus – wir siegen!* [Fatherland, Peace, Socialism – we triumph!] The order of the words is curious, with its priority for a nationalism that I am told is numbed or dead in the hearts of the present generation, which still remembers Hitler. ("The working men," said the *Communist Manifesto*, "have no country.")

Ten years ago there had been enormous pictures of Stalin (the People's friend) everywhere. Not today. A couple of months ago that greatest of East Berlin boulevards, *Stalinallee*, changed its name miraculously in the middle of the night to *Karl-Marx Allee*.

When I had become hopelessly lost in outlying streets I asked an elderly man how to get to *Karl-Marx Allee*. He looked blank. I said it used to be *Stalinallee*. "Ach, so!" he replied, his eyes lighting up, "*Stalinallee*" – then told me how to find it. (Any German who has lived through so much must find it hard still to keep up with times that change so rapidly. For him it has been: up the Kaiser, down the Kaiser; up Hitler, down Hitler; up Stalin, down Stalin. When, he may well ask himself, will they change the posters next?)

Karl-Marx Allee, with its broad layout and miles of new apartment-buildings, is impressive (except that the veneer has fallen away from the façade of many of the buildings). The contents of the shop-windows are rich, as in West Berlin. Fine cameras and binoculars, but with the labels of other manufacturers. There are many book-and-record stores (but I would rather shop in the bookstores of West Berlin).

The East German People's Government leaves no doubt that it is for Peace. The word *Frieden* is shouted from the posters it has put up everywhere. The sincerity of its devotion to Peace is attested by the number of agents assigned to keep it. There are "Vopos" everywhere. An appreciable portion of the traffic in the streets is of cars with black license-plates bearing the white VP, "Vopos" inside.

One photographic display in favor of Peace presents the news-photo of an obscenely fat and leering American MP standing before the Brandenburg Gate, sneering at frightened German men, women, and children who cower before him. Another news-photo shows precisely the same horrid image, the ugly MP, this time standing before the cringing figure of Konrad Adenauer, protecting him from the hatred of the German people.

How is this, that the same image should appear in two different news-photos? One looks more closely and sees that truth has been enhanced, in both, by the art of photo-montage.

The news-photos are accompanied by text that makes it clear why, in the interests of Peace, everyone must hate the Americans.

I go up to a "Vopo," who is under an idealistic obligation to hate me (conspicuously an American), and ask him the way to *Alexanderplatz*. He is smiling courtesy itself, as if he had just been waiting for the chance to be helpful. I leave him with the usual exchange: *bitte-schön dankeschön bitte-schön.*

I buy a "Good Humor" ice-cream stick (chocolate covered) for 45 pfennig from an old woman in a shawl. "Grüss Gott," she says. (Earlier I had passed a church that, on its bulletin board, invited me to accept of Christ's mercy.)

An American military car passes down *Karl-Marx Allee* on one of the periodic visits to assert the American right to be in East Berlin. Everyone turns to look at it. The sons of American mothers inside it don't look at all like the photograph of the ugly MP (and this is not photo-montage). The visible presence of these American boys sabotages the hate-campaign for Peace.

The best governments are imperfect in telling the truth. But, when all the ideological arguments have been set aside, what damns the Communist regimes is their total contempt of factual truth, their methodical use of lies.

Life in Berlin has become normal, or is becoming normal – "normal" being whatever has been abnormal so long that it is so no longer. People go about their business, they either prosper or don't, their children attend school, and grow up – as elsewhere. But the Wall continues, like an obscenity, an offense in their eyes. Everyone west of the Wall lives for the day when it will come down, and one cannot doubt that the same is true of everyone east of it.

"Something," said Robert Frost . . .

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down. . . .

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LAOS

Who Broke the Ceasefire?

by Bernard B. Fall

Pnom Penh, Cambodia

The arrival of American forces on the Thai-Laotian border on May 15 might be compared to the landing of Marines in Lebanon in 1958: it was not so much directed to the country in which the landing took place as to the country next door, and it provided a breathing space for both sides.

But while the dispatch of the Marines was fortunate under the circumstances – for it re-establishes an equilibrium permitting, perhaps, the eventual withdrawal of our troops from the Thai border in exchange for the withdrawal of Viet Minh forces from Laos – the events leading up to the President's decision have been enveloped in journalistic clouds of misinformation. Whatever intelligence reports the US Government may have had at its disposal, the American public has been given the impression that blame for the violation of the ceasefire in Laos rests entirely on the Communist side. The logical conclusion to be drawn from such duplicity would be that negotiation and accommodation on international issues are not realistically possible with Communist regimes; and it is thus of some importance to set the record straight before the actual character of recent events in Laos is obscured by an Orwellian rewriting of history.

What one learns from informed sources here and in nearby Vientiane, the capital of Laos, is that Communist misbehavior, while blatant, was matched (if not exactly justified) by the misbehavior of the American-backed General Phoumi Nosavan; and that operating in between the Communist- and US-aligned forces there are free-wheeling, more or less self-generating military units often acting for purely local reasons.

As the conventional journalistic account goes, the erosion of the Laotian ceasefire so painfully negotiated in Geneva in May, 1961, came about as follows: the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces of Prince Souphanouvong and the neutralist forces of Prince Souvanna Phouma, commanded by Captain Kong-Le, attacked the northern provincial seat of Nam-Tha in January, 1962, without provocation, and besieged it for four months. On May 3, 1962 (the first birthday of the ceasefire), the little town of Muong-Sing, 25 miles northeast of Nam-Tha, fell before an attack by Chinese Communist forces, thus allowing the Pathet Lao to attack Nam-Tha from three sides. After a violent battle, Nam-Tha, defended by 5,200 men of the Royal Lao Army, fell on May 6. After a 100-mile retreat under constant Pathet-Lao attack, the remainder of the Royal forces reached Ban Houei Sai on the Mekong River and crossed the river into Thailand where they were disarmed as prescribed by international law, and later on airlifted back to Vientiane. Ban Houei Sai, partly in flames, was occupied by the Pathet-Lao on May 11, and thus Thailand was for the first time in direct contact with Communist forces. This series of events led to the landing of US forces.

The wonderful aspect of the above paragraph is that, save for its last sentence, it represents a totally false picture. There are at present North Vietnamese cadres and small units of the 335th and 307th Infantry Divisions on Lao soil and there are Red Chinese specialists at Xieng-Khouang, headquarters of the Pathet Lao. Not even the Communists deny this. But having said this without equivocation, we must speak candidly about what has been happening on *our* side. For uncritically accepted myths about our "friends" can get us into as much difficulty as uncritical attitudes concerning the nature of the enemy.

The first myth that has to be dispelled is that of the unilateral violation of the ceasefire by the Pathet Lao. From December 19, 1961, to January 23, 1962, the Royal Laotian Army's Mobile Groups (Regimental Combat Teams) 12 and 14 launched a major offensive into rebel-held territory in Central Laos along Road 12. The rebels in this area were far closer to the Thai border than they ever were in the Nam-Tha and Ban

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Houei Sai area which started the recent hullaballoo. United Press International, under the stark dateline "With Royal Lao Army on Mahaxay Front," reported on January 22 that "the Royal Lao Army threw *thousands of men* into a weekend battle in an attempt to cut off a rebel supply line leading to Communist North Vietnam" and that "paratroops and infantrymen . . . managed to drive to within five miles of the rebel-held towns of Mahaxay and Nhommarath." The fact that, as in the past, the right-wing offensive not only ran out of steam, but that the Lao troops took flight so suddenly that their six American advisers were abandoned in the jungle and had to fight their way back alone on foot for five days, was but an unfortunate detail. (The sudden pulling-out of Lao troops without prior notification of the American advisers is part of the game. The bulk of American prisoners in rebel hands dates from an earlier Royal offensive in April, 1961, along the vital Vientiane-Luang Prabang highway, in which a whole US advisory detachment was simply left by its Laotian charges to face Kong-Le's forces alone.)

The generally overlooked January Central Laos offensive – the UPI dispatch was given scant attention in the US, although the whole development of the offensive had gotten front-page coverage in the English-language press in Thailand – was followed within days by the first signs of the rebel drive on Nam-Tha that was to provoke the dispatch of the Marines to Thailand. In military terms, this was clearly a "diversionary attack," for even the briefest look on a map of the area will show that Nam-Tha, as such, was of pitifully little usefulness to the Pathet Lao. The centers of right-wing strength are in the deep south of Laos and in Vientiane; and if anyone wishes to threaten Thailand, he will also be a great deal better off doing it from the narrow Laotian "panhandle" than from the roadless jungles of northernmost Laos and Thailand.

The "Siege" of Nam-Tha

What made Nam-Tha a symbol is simply that General Phoumi, over the objections of his American advisers, had crammed 5,200 men, as well as four 105-mm howitzers and a dozen 75's, into an area which I know from personal experience to have only a very poor airfield, likely to become totally unusable in the rainy season (which begins in that area around May 15). Phoumi completely ignored the dangerous situation in which he was placing his forces. Prolonged resupply of Nam-Tha was clearly dependent on their ability to use the much better airstrip at Muong-Sing, about 25 miles and one mountain chain away over a road recently bulldozed out of the jungle and sure to become a quagmire within weeks. In one way or another, Nam-Tha was likely to become a trap around mid-May – and in the meantime its garrison was little more than a hostage to any kind of pressure the Pathet Lao might choose to apply to it.

The first application of pressure came in the wake of Phoumi's offensive in Central Laos in late January. After an initial round of desultory mortar and artillery dueling – which the press as usual reported like the Battle of the Bulge, until official casualty reports showed that a total of 12 men had been killed in three months – the Nam-Tha "front" settled down to patrol skirmishing. Indeed, rebel Prince Souphanouvong openly declared on February 13 that "we are not interested in Nam-Tha." What prompted the renewed pressure on the hostage garrison in April and May was not only the breakdown of the political negotiations for a coalition government between "our" Phoumi, neutralist Souvanna Phouma, and the Pathet Lao leader, Prince Souvanouvong, but Phoumi's attempt to circumvent American pressure by going over Washington's head to US allies in Asia. On April 22, 1962, Boun Oum (the nominal leader of the present Royal government) and General Phoumi went to Thailand. On April 25, the first outpost of the Nam-Tha garrison, southeast of Nam-Tha near Nam Pick, fell after a brief Pathet Lao attack. And on May 3 the border town of Muong-Sing with its vital airport was taken, clearing the way for assault on Nam-Tha itself.

The initial attack at Muong-Sing, in which the AP reported Chinese troops of the 43rd Division were involved, can only be understood if one knows more about Laos than what can be read on a road map. All of Laos with the exception of the Mekong valley (*i.e.*, 80 percent of the country) is inhabited by ethnic minorities who not only ignore the authorities in the national capital in Vientiane, but who are most of the time actively antagonistic toward them. The lowland Laotians' feelings about their upland charges is best expressed in the word they use to define them as a group: *Kha*, meaning "slaves." The fact that there now are a few upland Meo tribal units fighting against the Communists is in no way inconsistent with this general pattern: the Meos are fighting for their opium crops – not for democratic ideals, and least of all for Vientiane.

The Muong-Sing area, hard on the Chinese border, is inhabited by two major tribal groups: the Thai-Lu who have a remote ethnic relationship with the larger Thai groups; and the Ho, who are nothing but Chinese who moved into Laos, often less than 50 years ago. Ho pirates moved as far south as Luang-Prabang even while the first Frenchmen were there in the 1890's. In the hills surrounding the Muong-Sing valley there are also smaller tribes such as the P'u-Noi – and it is the latter who precipitated the Muong-Sing hostilities

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which were followed, in turn, by the clash at Nam-Tha and the disruption of the ceasefire.

One of the few Lao Army officers of tribal origin, Colonel Chansaly, had had a falling-out with his superiors and took to the hills among the P'u-Noi, who had been heavily infiltrated by Communist propagandists, both Chinese and tribal – the latter having been trained by the Pathet Lao in its northern stronghold of Samneva province. Chansaly organized a P'u-Noi "army" and declared his loyalty to neutralist Souvanna Phouma. When some of Phoumi's Royal troops at Muong-Sing were pulled out to defend the Nam-Tha road from the Pathet Lao, Chansaly and his freebooters decided to plunder Muong-Sing, a prosperous commercial center for opium smugglers and traders from Burma, Red China, Laos, and even from among the Kuomintang Nationalist Chinese (openly operating in the nearby border triangle).

Rebels Without a Cause

Although the raiding of little towns is a preferred occupation of the hill tribe warriors, the sudden occupation of Muong-Sing by Chansaly and his men must have come as a surprise to both East and West. Phoumi was travelling abroad. So were the neutralist commander, Kong-Le, and Pathet Lao "general" Singkapo, both of whom were making their separate rounds in Moscow, Prague, Warsaw and East Berlin. It is obvious that the Souvanna Phouma group could not have rejected or disowned Chansaly's proclamation of obedience to the neutralists without seeing him turn toward the Pathet Lao, who would have accepted the new recruit with alacrity. The confusion of the situation was best shown by the fact that a Royal Lao C-47 with 30 reinforcements aboard came in for a landing on the afternoon after Muong-Sing fell and was shot down right over the airstrip. Any force under sophisticated big power supervision would almost certainly have let the defenseless plane land and would have captured it – if only for the psychological effect.

With the fall of Muong-Sing, Nam-Tha's oversize garrison was in an uncomfortable position, but not immediately threatened. This did not prevent the Royal Lao spokesman from issuing – the very next day – some pessimistic statements whose echoes of impending doom were not lost on the Nam-Tha garrison, the local commander (General La Pathammavong) or the northern area commander (General Bounleuth), who was in Nam-Tha on an inspection tour. There are two separate versions of what happened next: on the Royal side it is still being affirmed that the Pathet-Lao attack which followed, on May 6, was "unprovoked." According to other Western sources, the Pathet-Lao attack was preceded on May 5 by a Royal Lao "probing stab" of the kind tried with signal unsuccess in Central Laos in December, 1961, and January, 1962. The Royal stab was followed by a Pathet-Lao counter-attack which, again as in January, 1962, ended with a total rout of Phoumi's Royal Lao forces.

But at least the American MAAG (Military Assistance Advisory Group) detachment was not caught unprepared this time. It was evacuated by helicopter at 7:30 a.m. on May 6, taking with it General Bounleuth. Nam-Tha was abandoned to the Pathet Lao at 9 a.m. with all its artillery and important equipment depots, while its garrison was streaming southeastward along the 100-mile road to Ban Houei Sai on the Mekong. An enterprising Thai reporter of the *Bangkok World* gave his readers in one single striking image an illustration of how the "battle" for Nam-Tha had been fought. In an exclusive interview with Gen. Bounleuth after the latter's flight to Thailand from Ban Houei Sai on May 12, the Lao commander "recalled smilingly he was the *last soldier* to leave Nam-Tha. He did it, *disguised as a private*, leaving by helicopter." (italics added.)

In Washington, some official sources and the professional Cassandras in the press began the usual Greek-chorus-like assertion that the "attack on Nam-Tha had been planned and led by Red Chinese and Viet-Minh elements." In Laos itself, on the other hand, Col. Edwin Elder, the head of the American MAAG detachment at Nam-Tha, asserted with the dispassionate care for facts characteristic of the professional that there was "no evidence to show that Chinese or Vietnamese had participated in the attack." Furthermore, even the theory that the Pathet Lao planned the attack as a deliberate violation of the ceasefire seemed doubtful; it looked more like a reprisal for the Royal Army's alleged "probing stab" the day before. For if the attack had been carefully planned, the logical first step would have been to cut the only road leading southeast out of Nam-Tha. This would have allowed the wholesale destruction of the Royal garrison. Instead, the road was left open and even the Pathet Lao admitted to capturing only a thousand troops out of a total of 5,200.

What then ensued was a simple pursuit along the road, with the fleeing Royal forces covering the 60-odd miles across northwest Laos in an astounding 48 hours. Even the easily defensible Vieng Phou Kha pass, which a few men with machine-guns could have held for days, was abandoned after a few shots; and the Nam-Tha garrison poured into Ban Houei Sai, infecting the local troops with its own panic. From then on, not only all organized resistance in northern Laos, but all organized thinking in Vientiane as well, seems to have collapsed. On May 11, AP announced from Vientiane that Ban Houei Sai had fallen into Communist hands at 3 o'clock in the morning, local time. Communist forces, it was said, were now poised on Thailand's border, and

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the whole American defense mechanism for holding the line in Southeast Asia came swiftly into play. The rest is history.

What *really* had happened in Ban Houei Sai was somewhat more comical. General Bounleuth's troops simply headed for the river, commandeered all available boats (in many cases actually paying the normal ferry price to the boatmen who were doing a land-office business) and were interned by their Thai brothers-in-arms in the school yard of Xieng-Khong, right across the river from Ban Houei Sai. Once more, the leaders followed their troops, and the US advisory detachment followed suit, after informing its own headquarters by radio that no Communist troops were anywhere in sight around Ban Houei Sai. This did not prevent the fleeing Laotian soldiers from setting afire some buildings, considered for one reason or another as "military objectives," while exploding ammunition dumps also added to the atmosphere of combat in a landscape entirely filled with friendly troops. Up to that point not one shot had been fired in anger in defense of Ban Houei Sai, but that did not stop the Laotian ambassador in Bangkok, Nou Ing Rathanavong, from giving a press conference on the 14th of May, in which he declared that "Royal Laotian forces are still holding on to Ban Houei Sai even though Pathet-Lao rebels are attacking it heavily."

The truth is that the only Western defenders in Ban Houei Sai between May 12 and 14 were the MAAG detachment, which every morning crossed the river and sat in the deserted city where the royal flag was still flying forlornly over the abandoned army post; and some enterprising journalists, both American and French, who managed to hop planes to the area and began to report the total absence of Communist or any other rebels. This was precisely the moment when, in the United States, one TV network after another was feeding leading questions to various Senators about what should be done "in view of this obvious threat to the Thai border"; while other Senators, from Jackson to Dodd, were again resurrecting the old ghost of splitting Laos at one parallel or another – as if southern Laos were not even more heavily Communist-infiltrated (another little-realized fact) than central and northern Laos. Finally, as the Western journalists began to return from unoccupied Ban Houei Sai on the evening of May 14, the Vientiane government openly admitted that it had once more cried "wolf" in vain and that Ban Houei Sai had never fallen into Communist hands; but its spokesman hoped to head off the journalistic opprobrium that was certain to follow by complaining in advance that "we are the victims of the lack of comprehension of our friends who do not correctly evaluate our position."

In the meantime, the bedraggled heroes of the whole adventure were being shipped off to southern and central Laos – not disarmed, as the Thais had asserted, since press pictures taken on the airfield and inside the aircraft clearly show at least rifles and submachineguns – for a week's home leave with their families prior to being reformed into new units whose combat value can be charitably described as doubtful. But at Ban Houei Sai, the MAAG detachment and an American training group known as "White Star Force" had not remained inactive. On May 15 and 16, American-led Laotian patrols had pushed more than 20 miles northward along the Nam-Tha road – and had encountered no one. And to add insult to injury, the Pathet Lao rebel command informed the International Control Commission on May 16 that it had no objection whatsoever to the Commission's sending a team to Ban Houei Sai to check on whether Pathet-Lao elements were stationed there.

Needless to say, the Pathet Lao made no similar offers regarding Nam-Tha. On the 16th a US group from the "White Star Force" also had begun a "deep reconnaissance" along the Nam-Tha road. This was kept secret for almost 48 hours and was coupled by further American reconnaissance operations in other directions. Their result was unanimous: there were no organized Pathet-Lao elements within a radius of at least 25 miles from Ban Houei Sai. In other words, the Communists were *farther away* from Thailand in that area than in most places in the southern part of the Mekong valley, where they often are within 15 miles or less from the Thai border. This did not prevent *Time* of May 18 from confirming that Ban Houei Sai had been taken and from showing an ominous map indicating that all of Laos north of the Mekong had gone Red. That map was followed by another which was as false as the others thus far published in the US, which tend to show Laos' southernmost areas, the Boloven Plateau and Attopeu province, as Vientiane-held, though they are the most dangerously (because of their closeness to South Vietnam) infiltrated areas of Laos. (It is an interesting commentary on the Western attitude toward Laos that the only map clearly showing which parts of the country were held by the Communists before the ceasefire of May 2, 1961, is in a small book called *Au Pays du Million D'elephants*, published in Hanoi.)

But the military wheels of the Western alliance had moved, from Hawaii and Washington to London, Singapore, and Canberra; and a balance favorable to the West was painfully re-established, giving the coalition negotiations at least a chance to produce a really neutral regime. Perhaps it had been done for the wrong reasons, but at least it had been done, and it is giving everybody – including Peking, Hanoi, and Moscow – time to sort things out. And that, as Kipling used to say, "is a good thing."

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The Works of God, the Ways of Man

by Jean Stafford

The mystical inquiries and the meditations on the works of God and the ways of man are so adroitly interwoven through the operatic plot of I. B. Singer's new novel that the reader is never conscious of a change of pace or tone: one is never admonished to stop a leap in mid-air to ponder a philosophical proposition although the protagonist ceaselessly ponders and proposes. This would not be surprising if the book had been written in Poland in the Seventeenth Century (the setting of *The Slave*), the century of witch-burning and insane massacres, when magic and reality were almost universally confounded, and bemused writers of romances wrote of miracles as they believed they happened. But it is surprising and wonderful to be convinced and engrossed altogether by a contemporary using an archaic form that is half tale and half morality and to be persuaded of the actual perils that beset a Jew deprived of his phylacteries or those that threaten a gentile who carnally craves a Jew.

The Slave
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
(Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4.95)

In the hands of another writer, lacking Mr. Singer's genius at spinning a yarn, this story of torture and forbidden love, of dishonor among thieves, of cruel separations and amazing reunions, of coincidences with arms as long as a gorilla's would be preposterous. But he is a spell-binder as clever as Scheherazade; he arrests the reader at once, transports him to a far place and a far, improbable time and does not let him go until the end.

The wandering Jew of the story is Jacob of the town of Josefov, a godly and studious man who, at twenty-five, has escaped the marauding, murdering Cossacks only to be ambushed by brigands and sold as a slave to a wild mountain village. Here, barefoot, without any of his amulets – his phylacteries, fringed garment, skull-cap, books – he talks to the cows he herds and feeds lest he forget Yiddish in this alien Christian land; he says his prayers, he shuns non-kosher food, he observes the holy days as they fall according to the calendar he carries in his head, reckoning the beginning of each month by the appearance of the new moon; and, intransigently obedient, he undertakes the gigantic labor of scratching the six hundred and thirteen laws on a stone with a nail. He is a man wedded to the edicts of a wholly mysterious God who, while He has allowed him to be exiled and disgraced, remains wholly lovable. Thy will be done, Jacob intones elegiacally as he gathers fodder for his charges amongst the harsh and hostile stones.

The civilized and upright youth is at once scorned as a Jew and feared as a sorcerer by the brutish half-pagan peasants of his owner's community. How, but through witchcraft can his cows yield more milk than any others? And who but he, the foreigner, can blight the fields at harvest-time and bring unheard-of blizzards in the winter? These villainous, cretinous creatures are monstrous from inbreeding, wanting in love or charity or hope or faith, mistreated by an arrogant absentee landlord and his greedy bailiff, mistaught by a venal, drunken priest. Revolted by them all, perplexed that they should exist in their iniquity and vileness, Jacob nevertheless finds an explanation, if not an apology for them: "Shame was unknown to them, as if they had been conceived before the eating of the forbidden fruit. Jacob often reflected that as yet this rabble had not developed the capacity to choose freely. They seemed to him survivors of those worlds, which, according to the Midrash, God had created and destroyed before fashioning this one." Whimsical as it is of God to permit these idolators to try to make one of His chosen sons eat pork, and to permit their lascivious women to try to seduce him, Jacob never questions the Lord's right to His dirty jokes.

The shining exception in this reeking kennel (they feed on field mice, perpetrate their fornications for all to see, cast still-born babies into the stream without a word of Godspeed) is Wanda, the widowed daughter of Jacob's master. She is clean, healthy, comely and intelligent and it is only with her that the gentle man can communicate. Each day she comes from her father's hut in the valley up to the mountain where the barn stands to bring Jacob food and to fetch away the milk. She tells him stories of the trolls and werewolves and succubi that infest the fields and the forests while he, reproving her for her sacrilege, talks to her of the Torah. They are in love. Wanda is in love forthrightly and forthrightly asks Jacob to marry her or, failing that, to live with her without benefit of clergy. But Jacob is in love inadmissably: his desire for the uninstructed taboo girl is sinful, to possess her would be to magnify the sin into a crime against his Creater and His creation of stern, inviolable law.

When, in time, unable to withstand the requirements of his flesh and headlong heart, Jacob capitulates to them, he finds no justification for his transgression. In fear and trembling he is visited by nightmares of remorse and his anguish is worsened, rather than relieved, by the astounding joy of his love. Wanda is a good woman, chaste and charitable, and if she were a daughter of the patriarch Abraham, the match would have seemed made in heaven, but the accident of her birth is a fault inexorably and eternally ineradicable. At another time in history, she might be converted and be accepted by her lover's people, but she lives her life in a period of blackest intolerance and

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even as Jacob tutors her in Yiddish and instructs her in the commandments and the benedictions, even as they plan to flee the mountains, they know it is no use: never and nowhere can they live in peace together under their own fig tree.

After he has sung the Lord's song in a strange land for four years and has jeopardized the salvation of his soul by consorting with an idolator, Jacob is ransomed from captivity by men of Josefov when they learn of his whereabouts. His wife (a spoiled hypochondriac whom he had not loved) and his children, slaughtered by the Cossacks, lie in the cemetery he can see from the windows of the studyhouse where he teaches boys the sacred law. But back in his familiar world of synagogues and Jewish clothes, of scholarly disputation and exegesis and Kosher food, Jacob is restless. Without Wanda, his freedom is sand in his mouth; he is haunted by compelling dreams and visions of her; and although he is outwardly courteous and kind, he is abstracted and embittered. How can one accept the torments of his fellowmen? If God authorized the senseless murders, the inhuman rape of women, the burning of houses and temples, the mutilation of children, how could God be loved? "One day seated alone in the study house, Jacob said to God, 'I have no doubt that you are the Almighty and that whatever you do is for the best, but it is impossible for me to obey the commandment, Thou Shalt Love Thy God. No, I cannot, Father, not in this life.'"

Still, this is only a transitory rebellion and Jacob's talent for loving God remains robust and though in the eyes of his confreres, he defies the law, the miracles that attend his death testify that he has been divinely forgiven.

Unable finally to withstand his longing for Wanda, Jacob goes back to the land of his humiliation and carries her off in the dead of night. She becomes a Jew and as a Jew called Sarah, steps under the canopy to be made Jacob's wife. If it is learned, in the settlement where they go to live, that Sarah is a Christian by birth, they may both be killed; at the least, they will be punished and excommunicated. To conceal her ignorance of Yiddish, Sarah-Wanda pretends to be a mute and for two years, utters not a word save to her husband, in whispers, in their shuttered house at night. But their exposure is inevitable: in the agony of a protracted and dreadful childbirth, she screams out all their secrets before she dies. Her son is pronounced a bastard and forbidden circumcision, Jacob is excommunicated, chained and hauled away by dragoons before the corpse is cold; and blameless Sarah, the pious Jewish matron, is denied the prescribed shroud for her grave.

Again Jacob slips off the yoke of Egypt, goes back to the house of the wet-nurse where his child has been taken, and carries the infant Benjamin away in a basket, carries him finally to Israel. After twenty years of further wandering, seeking the company of the sick and the sore and the poor, he returns to Poland in the intention of taking Sarah's bones to the Holy Land to bury them on the Mount of Olives. But before he can carry out his mission, he sickens and dies. The hand of Providence directs the gravedigger to take his spade to a certain place and immediately he strikes bone. Here is Sarah, still recognizable; here, cries a new generation, is a saint (else how could her flesh have remained undevoured by worms? How could strands of her blonde hair still shine?) and Jacob, the saint's sainted husband, now will once more lie beside her, reunited for the second time.

"Not death, but suffering was the real enigma. What place did it have in God's creation?" so Jacob asks of the luminous living sky and earth after Wanda's death. What can be the justification of the prosperity of the evil and the affliction of the good? How does a man serve God by observing the Sabbath but defrauding his neighbor the following day? Jacob has repudiated none of the rituals of his religion, but he has doubted their efficacy to satisfy or even to please God. Through his simplicity of heart, he has safeguarded his earthly love against a meaningless totemism, and though he has been charged with felony by the jury of his peers, his Lord receives him as an innocent.

The proof of I. B. Singer's remarkable gifts as a story teller is that he can keep the attention and sympathy of his reader through a fiction that is a combination movie scenario and hagiography. It is an admirable performance.

Moderate of the Extreme Right

by James Gatsby

Dr. Fred Schwarz, the Australian physician who heads the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, has acquired a reputation as a moderate among the new wave of right wing populists who have been touring the South, Southwest, and far West over the past few years, holding various "projects," "schools," and "seminars," and presiding at huge rallies. Perhaps this is why Schwarz, unlike his rivals, has been able to attract the open support of a number of the larger corporations in these areas, has been able to put on his rallies before TV audiences in prime evening time, and has even had the power to compel C. D. Jackson, the publisher of *Life*, in a gesture reminiscent of Robert Stevens' humiliating capitulation to Senator McCarthy, to fly to Hollywood and to publicly apologize at a Schwarz rally for a *Life* editorial critical of Schwarz. That the man has appeal, and that he has power, are facts hardly open to question. But does Schwarz have any right to be thought of as a moderate? Fletcher Knebel, in a recent *Look* article on the "rightist revival," says that Schwarz "considers it unfair to bracket his message with that of the Right wing." And Knebel concedes that, "very little of what Dr. Schwarz utters could be classified as Right wing." Nevertheless, Knebel is worried about the good doctor. "In the wake of Dr. Schwarz's immense rallies," he tells us, "sprout militant 'study groups' that expand, sub-

You Can Trust the Communists
by Fred Schwarz
(Prentice-Hall; cloth, $2.95; paper, $.50)

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divide, and multiply like human cells . . . the Crusade itself has founded 5,000 study groups. Starting with basically sound Schwarz material, many 'students' go on to find Communists in the White House, the income tax sapping America for a Communist coup and Red plots behind such proposals as countrywide government for municipalities." In the aftermath of disaster, looters pour into the streets.

Despite his bad metaphors, Mr. Knebel had a good point.

How *are* we to come to grips with an elusive character like Schwarz, who at one and the same time refuses to criticize the Birch Society, and yet insists that he does not advocate "unrestrained big business" and Fascism? (For that matter, the Birch Society itself does not recommend Fascism – as such.) And what of this "basically sound material" that nevertheless manages to inspire such extremist groups as the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation? It is instructive to consider the book that is apparently the essence of Schwarz' wisdom, his *You Can Trust the Communists*. Can we really trust the Communists? Well, not *really*, it turns out, because if we did, why would we need the professional anti-Communists? Nevertheless, Schwarz's title is more than simply bravado. It would be more accurate, I believe, to characterize it as a sign of the man's superior knowledgeability in these matters. For he is by no means an anti-Communist hack. Possessing a sure control over his material, having a shrewd insight into human weakness, Schwarz in addition has an intellectual background that is unique in religious anti-Communism. "It is a somber fact," he tells us, "that many anti-Communists have never even heard of Dialectical Materialism." Schwarz has. He is something of an intellectual; I have the suspicion that his students are actually students.

This, however, does not explain the man's popularity, or enable us to understand why he is a master propagandist. Suspending, for the moment, the question of how Schwarz is able to synthesize old and new material, liberal and conservative arguments, Catholic and Protestant anxieties, into an efficient working model of the general anti-Communist line of the "new American center," I would like to call special attention to the man's facility with the moral allegory.

For Schwarz, like his Master, prefers to speak in parables. Do tourists, just back from two weeks in Russia, wax enthusiastic about the prosperity of the country, the friendliness of the people, the cooperation of the officials? This is a problem that an earlier generation of anti-Communists did not have to face. Christ faced a similar problem with His doubting Thomas, and here Schwarz finds inspiration: Christ had to convince Thomas to believe what he did not see; Schwarz has to convince the tourists to disbelieve what they have seen. Is he convincing? I don't know. (I haven't been to Russia.) But he is ingenious. His ploy is to complain that the tourists can only see the obvious things: schools, churches, roads, farms, museums, playgrounds, etc. And, as for the playgrounds, Schwarz challenges the tourist triumphantly, can you dig them up? Obviously the tourist cannot; and here Schwarz has him. For what tourist realizes that when the Germans were in Russia in World War II, they *did* dig up the playgrounds? (Not many, I'll bet.) And what do you think they found? Bodies. Thousands of them. And it was much the same in North Korea. But such horror stories, which are peppered throughout *You Can Trust the Communists*, merely serve as seasoning for the main dish. "What we see with our eyes is limited."

Take the man, Schwarz tells us, who visits a well-kept tuberculosis sanitarium. The grounds are carefully groomed, the patients comfortable and well-attended, the nurses efficient, the doctors competent. The man, Schwarz says, comes to the conclusion that " 'the dangers of tuberculosis are grossly exaggerated. We can at least co-exist with it'." Ah, but Schwarz will not let this naïf get away so easily! " But what about the tuberculosis germ?' " he asks, remorselessly.

" 'I didn't see one.'

" 'Did you look?'

" 'Of course I looked. I looked everywhere – in the drawers, under the beds, behind the doors, everywhere and I swear I did not see a single tuberculosis germ. I don't believe they exist'."

"Suppose," Schwarz challenges us, "that such a report was made by a trained medical man, who should have known that behind the apparent calm, an evil, pathological organism was doing its fearful work?" Would we have any other alternative but to judge such a man "criminally insane"? Obviously not. Most of us cannot be expected to notice anything strange about the surreptitious way in which Dr. Schwarz introduces elements of Manichaeism (his "evil organism") into natural processes; nor can those of us who do notice expect to be listened to. Schwarz's type of anti-Communism is no more solicitous toward dissenters than the Communism it opposes.

Nevertheless, the parabolic form, in Schwarz's hands, is a brilliant method for piercing the surface of the mass society and affecting people "out there." The problem of the anti-Communist in America, simply stated, is that Communism is still a rather remote and unlikely phenomenon to most Americans; how to make it immediate and convincing? (No professional anti-Communist is going to make a living by recommending that people go to Russia and find out for themselves; Schwarz may "trust the Communists," but he by no means trusts the rest of us.) Schwarz solves this difficulty through his use of the parable: through it, moreover, he demonstrates his qualitative superiority as a propagandist over people like the Overstreets and J. Edgar Hoover. To be sure, what he is giving us is pseudo-reality; but with an effect that so closely corresponds with the real, who can tell the difference? For example, how many of Schwarz's readers actually know a Communist? To ask such a question is to answer it.

Schwarz does not merely imply that Communism is some sort of disease; he says it. The main thesis of *You Can Trust the Communists* is that Communism is a form of paranoia. Here, again, Schwarz develops and reinforces his thesis with a parable. Having explained to us that Marx "discovered a state of war between the two classes of society . . . the proletariat and the bourgeoisie," Schwarz agrees, and goes on to urge us to wage this war to victorious conclusion. Here, however, Schwarz seems to anticipate objections. "Even if we are in such a war," people have no doubt asked Schwarz, "can we not arrange

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some sort of truce?" Reasonable people tend to restore the "we" to the equation: "Perhaps if *we* were more conciliatory . . ." Common sense realizes that it "takes two to tango." Schwarz will have none of this, (for what use is common sense in a world gone mad?) and he has devised a maneuver to get over this objection.

"It does not take two to make a fight," he tells us. "An idea in the mind of one is enough. Let me illustrate. During the war against Japan, I was a doctor in the Brisbane General Hospital. Into the hospital, there came one day a man who told me that the Americans were trying to poison him. I looked at him in some astonishment.

" 'How do you know they are going to poison you?' " Schwarz asked the man, but the latter cannot answer. So, Dr. Schwarz argued with him; still no satisfaction, however. How do you argue with a madman? (How do you negotiate with Communists?) The man "was not angry. He was not yelling, shouting, or screaming. He looked perfectly normal. However, I diagnosed him as a mental case, and sent him to the mental ward. However, he was not a bad case. His wife came in and took him home.

"Some days later, an American officer went into a public rest room in Brisbane and was shot dead with a sawed-off shotgun. His assailant ran away. A week later, another American officer was killed by the same sawed-off shotgun . . . the police caught the assailant. It was the man whom I had treated in the hospital.

". . . Apparently he was quite normal. But deep down in his conscious and unconscious mind, he believed a lie. He knew the Americans were going to kill him. He wished they were not so determined but he knew they were. A man must protect himself. He took a shotgun and carried it around with him for self-protection. . . . He saw the American officer. He knew his life was in danger. He pulled out the gun, shot the officer dead, and ran for his life. A week later he repeated the same process. He was taken, convicted of criminal insanity, and sentenced to an asylum for the insane.

"It did not," Schwarz concludes triumphantly, "take two to make a quarrel." It merely takes a paranoiac. And the Communists are paranoiacs. "The Communists believe they are at war with us. This conviction can never be changed in the slightest degree by any action of the free world. If, tomorrow, the leaders of the Free Nations were to accede to every demand made by the Communist leaders . . . the Communists would merely believe they had won massive victories in the class war."

I choose these examples from many in *You Can Trust the Communists* because I feel that they convey a fair idea of how Schwarz looks at the world, and because at the same time they tell us a lot about Schwarz himself and the phenomenon he represents. I have spoken previously of how the man expresses the general world-view of what I have called "the new American center"; the examples given here are an apt illustration of this. No conservative would use mental illness as a weapon in the cold war in quite the way that Schwarz does. The conservatives are by no means so sure of their own sanity that they are willing to suggest insanity in their opponents. This device is actually a part of the arsenal of the modern centrist intellectual, who uses it impartially, albeit with changes in focus, against both right and left. The conservatives are by and large hostile to modern psychology, ranging from suspicion of Freud and psychoanalysis down to outright and total opposition to all community mental health efforts. I take it that I do not have to prove here that Schwarz is not a liberal; no one has accused him of being one, and despite his uncritical references to New Deal social legislation, his occasional, synonomous use of the terms "democracy" and "free" world." The argument seems to be whether Schwarz is a moderate or a conservative. Fletcher Knebel reports that Schwarz considers it "unfair" to categorize him with the conservatives. Can we take him at his word? I think so, for reasons which I will indicate.

Despite the fact that the "basically sound Schwarz material" generally comes from conservative and even Fascist sources (he accepts J. B. Matthews as an expert on the politics of the Protestant clergy for example), despite the fact that most of the people he associates with are conservatives, (he names no names in his books, but he works closely with the Birchers, and it appears that one of his close associates in San Francisco, for example, is the Reverend Curtis Nims, a Baptist minister who once organized a motorcade to the state capital to protest the visit of the "Red fascist," Frank Wilkinson, to the University of California), and despite the fact that his foreign policy recommendations parallel those of the conservatives, several things lead me to believe that Schwarz himself is not a conservative. For one, his politics are almost wholly a politics of *form*. In this sense, Schwarz is closer in spirit to the *realpolitikers* of the Kennedy Administration, with their concern for "technique," "style," and "image," than he is to his conservative confreres. The conservatives, like their opponents on the left, have a domestic program – and thus have a politics of *content*. They are in politics for certain "interests," not from a desire to reform, teach, rationalize, and administer. And they are in politics for themselves. Schwarz seems to be aware of this deficit, and devotes a section of his book to "motives." Why is he an anti-Communist? "My personal motivation," he tells us, "is twofold. In the first place, I have a wife and family whom I love dearly. In the second place, I have a Christian faith." (He does? We would never have known. Indeed, it is significant that Schwarz finds it necessary to *tell* us, at this point, that he is a Christian. For, despite the fact that he heads a group called the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, the message of his book has almost nothing to do with Christianity. Christian ethics. Schwarz does not even touch on the subject, as a glance at his index shows.) But the surest indication of Schwarz's attitude comes in his very discussion of "motives." Obviously, he says, anti-Communists are not going to get anywhere if they simply say, "I'm against Communism because it will prevent my making a personal fortune." What is needed is an attitude of "selfless devotion." Schwarz may be aware of the problem, then, but when he can juxtapose categories like these, it shows us that he has not yet begun to think seriously about it.

The second thing that distinguishes Schwarz from the conservatives, in particular, and from political men in

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general, is his utter lack of interest in questions of morality. Questions such as the relation of "means and ends," the advisability of "fighting fire with fire," have preoccupied serious political people for years. Of all of this, Schwarz says nothing. I realize that many people will say that at least Schwarz does not recommend immorality in the manner of Robert Welch. True; but is immorality, in an age of mass bureaucracies, of huge hierarchic institutions, of men "who were only obeying orders," really the problem? Should we not be more concerned with amorality? Robert Welch may recommend "mean and dirty" tactics, but at least he recognizes that the tactics he encourages *are* immoral and claims that no Birch Society member has to do anything that goes against his individual conscience.

Finally, there is the question of Schwarz's peculiar mentality. The Communists, Schwarz tells us, are paranoiacs. There is some justification for this attitude, but Schwarz does not seem to be aware of it. I am thinking of Stalin and Andre Marty, in particular, and the doctrine of "capitalist encirclement," in general. But the fact that Schwarz does not mention any of this suggests that his attitude is more the result of projection than of analysis.

If the Communists are paranoiacs, it is Schwarz, and various confreres of both "left" and "right," who are today paralyzed by the thought of being isolated in a hostile world, despite the fact that the United States maintains hundreds of military bases on the Eurasian land continent directed against Russia. Socialist encirclement indeed! I too, at times feel that the world has gone mad: but the world will not be saved, nor even maintained in its present imperfect state, without calmness, reason, and clarity. I emphasize in particular Schwarz's counterparts in the center and on the left because I am convinced that his attitudes are by no means confined to the "right." To be sure, Schwarz's thesis is echoed in the writings of Robert Welch and in the film *Communism on the Map*, but I regard these signs more as an indication that a good many paranoiacs are now exploiting conservatism for their own peculiar purposes than as an expression of conservatism as such. Schwarz speaks of the Australian milkman who killed American officers as an example of the Communist mind; yet no American Communist has ever committed a remotely similar crime. An American anti-Communist however, a deranged man named John Harrison Farmer, who had once written to President Eisenhower, urging him, in the name of Christianity, to start a nuclear war against Communism, committed just such a crime a year ago this past winter, critically wounding one man and killing another. Farmer even used a sawed-off shotgun.

These strange people, with their unrelatedness, their cold passion (Schwarz discusses atrocities with less emotion than the average person shows in talking about the price of groceries) are to be found in all parties and factions. Erich Fromm remarks that it is easier to recognize such a person by the "qualities in his personality rather than by the contents of his convictions." Fromm is right, if only because such an individual's convictions have no content; his politics and his public personality are determined solely by what he is against. These are the authentic "hollow men" of our age.

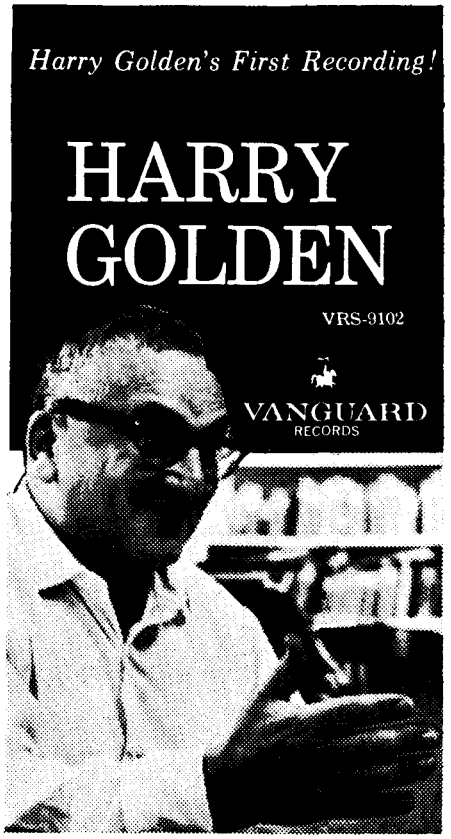
Strauss and his Friendly Enemy

by Frank J. Warnke

Of the six operas which Richard Strauss composed to texts by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, two – *Elektra* and *Der Rosenkavalier* – established themselves as classics in the international repertoire well before the death of Hofmannsthal in 1929. Three others – *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, and *Arabella* – after maintaining themselves solidly on German stages for some decades, have begun to gain general recognition as masterpieces of comparable stature. Although the remaining opera, *Die Aegyptische Helena*, does not seem a likely candidate for survival, five out of six remains a formidable proportion of achievement in the unpredictable world of opera. The Strauss-Hofmannsthal works constitute one of the major artistic accomplishments of our century, and even most music critics seem finally ready to recognize the fact. It is becoming less fashionable to speak of a falling-off in Strauss' creative powers after *Rosenkavalier*, and that once-familiar judgment is likely soon to seem as quaint as the structures which Hanslick leveled at Wagner.

A Working Friendship
The Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal
translated by Hanns Hammelmann and Ewald Osers
(Random House; $10)

The publication in English of the 28-year-long correspondence between the poet and the composer is an important event, both as the documentation of a uniquely important collaboration and as a study in artistic creation as a whole. The correspondence reveals



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two radically different, indeed intrinsically opposed, personalities, each of whom managed, through some miracle of instinct, to recognize that total fulfillment depended on establishing and maintaining contact with his alter ego. Both the hearty, pleasure-loving Bavarian composer and the morbidly sensitive, hypochondriacal Viennese poet were called upon, through their long association, to exhibit a kind of forbearance and mutual understanding which amounted to spiritual heroism. The extraordinary thing is that they were able to do it – even when the poet lectured the composer on his "neglect of all the higher standards of intellectual existence," and even when the composer gave a lukewarm reception to *Ariadne auf Naxos*, the finest libretto which the poet was to produce.

The relationship involved, however, more than simple tolerance. Something within Strauss surely understood, despite his recurrent wistful requests for nice, simple libretti à la Scribe or Sardou, that Hofmannsthal's demanding dramatic poems were the condition of his own greatness as an operatic composer. Hofmannsthal, the introspective intellectual, was consciously aware that Strauss' music was the only agency which could liberate again his own poetic genius, which had flared briefly in the lyrics of his early manhood but had died down under the weight of his self-assumed position as quasi-official guardian of the European cultural heritage. Hence Strauss' open expressions of dependence on his poet; hence too Hofmannsthal's repeated jealous assertions of the uniqueness of his contribution to operatic literature.

The two artists remained *per Sie* to the end of their association, and, although Strauss in later years consistently addressed his letters to "My dear Friend," Hofmannsthal, apart one or two slips into comparable intimacy, retained the cool salutation "Dear Dr. Strauss." Nevertheless, it is impossible not to sense in reading these letters the growing bond of respectful affection which sprang from their mutual creation. Strauss' letter to Hofmansthal on the latter's fiftieth birthday is, like his note of condolence to the widowed Frau von Hofmannsthal, a movingly honest expression of esteem; Hofmannsthal, always withdrawn into his own tense world, remains enigmatic, but one of his letters of 1918 contains what amounts to a cry from the heart:

> "Your personality, such as you are with all your energy – and still more your ideal personality as I distill it for myself from your music – has won my genuine friendship, that is all I can say to you, for that is all I have to give. I am a much more bizarre kind of person than you can suspect; what you know is only a small part of me . . . the factors which govern me you cannot see."

He concludes, strangely enough, with words which anticipate those of Arabella at the end of her opera, the last lines which he was to write for Strauss; the letter ends "So please take me as I am, and take me kindly."

Although the letters which make up *A Working Friendship* have an extraordinary fascination, the book itself is disappointing. The translation is adequate, and it conveys some sense of the differing personalities, although it is jolting to find Strauss' language rendered by such bits of contemporary jargon as "finalize" or to find such a stylist as Hofmannsthal saddled with confusions between "like" and "as." Of more concern is the complete lack of any sort of editorial commentary on a correspondence which makes constant references to aspects of European musical and literary life which not even a specialist could be sure to recognize. The original German edition, at the request of Frau von Hofmannsthal, deleted personal references which might be offensive to people still living, and one cannot quarrel with that sort of decorum. But one can expect the identification of people referred to by the correspondents only under initials, and one can expect some sort of clarification of the extended passages in which the poet and the composer discuss the suitability of various opera houses, conductors, and singers or the intrigues of the opera would in the first third of the century. A sometimes-eccentric index does little to help matters (*e.g.* Faustina Hasse-Bordoni's dates are given as 1800-81 rather than as 1700-81).

But the book does give us the men, their personalities, and their view of their art, together with lots of interesting odd bits. It is instructive, for example, to learn that Hofmannsthal conceived of his Arabella as a kind of Shavian heroine, or that he bitterly, though unsuccessfully, resisted Strauss' feeling that the Composer in the *Ariadne-Vorspiel* ought to be sung by a woman – a casting which now seems both right and inevitable. It is also illuminating to discover that the remarkable variety of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal canon is the result of conscious purpose, especially on the part of the poet, who was determined that no one of the operas should imitate another or capitalize on its success. Thus each of the works presented the artists with a new set of problems. In *Elektra* Strauss supplied a musical setting for a play which in essence already existed; in *Der Rosenkavalier* the two men worked out with very little friction the details of a dramatic idea which appealed to them both in the same way (although Hofmannsthal never quite forgave his composer for making parts of Act Two too heavy).

Ariadne auf Naxos proved the most troublesome experience of the collaboration: the final *Vorspiel-and-opera* form evolved with much strain and pain from the earlier unsuccessful combination of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* with the *Ariadne* opera; Strauss never really got his mind around the subtle metaphysical opposition of Ariadne and Zerbinetta (that opposition of the "heroic" and the "human" which always fascinated Hofmannsthal); and mutual forbearance was tried almost to the breaking-

"HELL, OF COURSE, is east of the Iron Curtain. Leftism in free Europe represents Limbo; it is characterized by a decadent bohemianism among those same intellectuals who would be brutally repressed in the USSR. It is significant of the masochism of the leftist avant garde *that it humbly serves an ideology which would annihilate it with petty bourgeois fervor if ever it won control."*

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point. But *Ariadne* epitomizes the mysterious, one is tempted to say miraculous, element of the collaboration, for here, where Hofmannsthal had, even more strikingly than in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, given language to a rarefied poetic conception beyond the conscious comprehension of Strauss, the composer finally responded with music which expresses the conception to perfection. It became Hofmannsthal's favorite among the operas, and despite its initial lack of success he continued to believe that posterity would regard it (as it ultimately may) as the summit of their joint achievement, a work which definitively effects that fusion of emotion, irony, and grace toward which the two artists always purposefully strove.

None of the remaining operas caused such problems. Strauss felt rather ill at ease with parts of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (metaphysics again), but found for it a musical language of great power. Both artists were more satisfied with *Die Aegyptische Helena* than later audiences have proven to be. *Arabella*, the last fruit of the collaboration, was created with as much ease as *Der Rosenkavalier* (a work which it resembles in its Viennese setting and its waltz-atmosphere, although scarcely to the extent criticism has sometimes maintained). In July, 1929, Strauss sent his collaborator a telegram of thanks for the text of *Arabella*. When it arrived Hofmannsthal lay dead of a stroke induced by the suicide of his son a few days before.

There *A Working Friendship* has its end. Throughout the remaining twenty years of his long life, Strauss sought a librettist. With Stefan Zweig he created *Die Schweigsame Frau*, a pleasant work which was suppressed by the Nazis because Zweig was a Jew (Strauss' correspondence at that time thoroughly explodes the old charge that he was sympathetic to Hitler's regime). Later, Josef Gregor's text for *Daphne* inspired him to some passages of rare beauty. The glory of former days had departed, though, not to return until, near the end of his life, he worked out with Clemens Krauss the text for *Capriccio*. In this short opera – swan-song not only of Strauss but of all German Romanticism – he found characters who might have sprung from the imagination of his dead friend: the composer and the poet, friendly enemies, rivals for the hand of the widowed countess (the muse of opera?) who loves them both. Her great closing aria, in which she debates again the theme of the opera – Olivier or Flamand, words or music, *parole o musica* – is Strauss's last enigmatic meditation on the unbroken web which is the art of operas and on the 28 vital years of creativity with his friendly enemy, his rival for the hand of that muse whose decision will, finally, never be made.

ARCHITECTURE

The Architects and the Bureaucrats

Thanks largely to the indefatigable Arthur Goldberg, there is now hope that Federal buildings across the country will henceforth reflect the vitality of contemporary architecture and its great potential of making our cities more beautiful. Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue is to be the first showcase of the government's new policy on architectural design which the President endorsed on June 1.

Tired of hearing his cabinet officers gripe about the insufficiency and inefficiency of their Departments' present office space, the President last August appointed his Secretary of Labor chairman of an ad-hoc cabinet committee on the matter. Mr. Goldberg, in turn, is tired of the bland mediocrity of most recent government buildings. He has repeatedly displayed his cultural bent and spends his own money to adorn his official office with frankly contemporary paintings. Like others, he thinks it ludicrous that some of our embassies abroad, such as Edward D. Stone's at New Delhi or Walter Gropius' at Athens, are world-renowned master-

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pieces of 20th Century architecture, while most domestic government buildings of the same vintage continue as pusillanimous compromises between neo-classic nostalgia and barren functionalism.

His committee, therefore, did not only come up with a detailed ten year program for $425 million worth of new offices in Washington. It also drafted some simple guidelines on how Federal offices anywhere should henceforth be built. The President has passed these on as a directive to all government agencies. The directive pronounces "the finest contemporary American thought," which does not imitate but serves as a model to others, equal in importance to efficiency and economy. This thought is to be obtained by competition if appropriate and should, at any rate, flow from the architect to the bureaucrat and not vice versa. It is not to be frozen into another official Federal style like Washington's forest of pseudo-classic columns but should reflect regional characteristics. The architect is to begin his work with helping select the site with a view towards letting the building enhance its environment with generous landscaping and a pleasing ensemble of streets and public places. A small portion of the total building cost should be spent on fine art to brighten the building. The General Services Administration, whose competent architectural staff has up to now been frustrated by the whims and tastes of the Departments it serves, will now get more power to exert the necessary design leadership.

The specific recommendations for Pennsylvania Avenue indicate that the spirit of this policy is not that of the bare and square machine age visions of yesterday's architectural avant garde. It reflects, rather, the new trend in architecture and city planning which seeks more exciting forms and the variety and bustle of true city life.

The avenue is to be transformed from its present, incredibly decrepit state to the great, ceremonial thoroughfare, linking the Capitol with the White House, that it was intended to be. The slummy structures which now face the massive government buildings erected in the thirties under Andrew Mellon are to be replaced by some of the new government offices. These are to be built, not one by one, but in one grand design which would also provide for privately built hotels, cafés, shops and stores. There are to be arcades, fountains, greenery, sculptures and benches. At once imposing and human, inspiring and inviting, the avenue is to be animated by people who stroll and relax as well as rush to work. It is to be a place where the office girls can window shop during their lunch hour and, on nice days, share their lunch with the squirrels and pigeons. Like the Champs Elysées or the Via del Corso, it is to be alive even after hours.

The proposal rejects the recurring notion of decentralizing Washington government agencies. It is a mistake to dump government offices unto the countryside as was done with the Atomic Energy Commission. Out in Maryland's Gaithersburg, some 30 miles from the capital, its staff is not only inefficiently isolated from other government offices but also from the convenience and stimulation of city life. Such dispersal only contributes to urban sprawl. The new plan, therefore, concentrates a dozen new Federal buildings downtown where they will fill unsightly gaps and replace decaying structures. It thus helps correct some of the blotches with which indifference and bad taste have, over the years, marred Jefferson's and L'Enfant's grand design for our capital city.

With this program the Kennedy Administration has found a most appropriate and welcome outlet for its concern for culture and the arts. Beyond inviting artists to the White House, it will be difficult at best to find really productive ways of government sponsorship of painting, music, dance and theater. But it is both logical and promising that the government should strengthen the public art of architecture by striving for artistic excellence in needed public buildings. Unless Congress, which to date has been less than hospitable to good modern design, sabotages it, there is no reason why the domestic program should not be as successful as that for so many of our new buildings abroad. It could go far to make not only Washington, but other cities as well, more cultured and liveable.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Jean Stafford's *most recent book is* Children Are Bored on Sunday. James Gatsby *is a free-lance writer.* Frank J. Warnke *is on the English faculty of the University of Washington.* Wolf Von Eckardt *is an architect practicing in Washington, D. C.*

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MOVIES

The Flattest Form of Sincerity

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but, in art, it is the flattest form of sincerity. An important original note is bound to echo in other artists, but mere imitation is rarely rewarding because it begins on the surface and paws inward, a reverse process. Now come the imitations of Antonioni. Italians have already begun (*e.g., Girl with a Suitcase*); an Argentinian, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, continues, with *Summerskin*. He thinks that if one anatomizes trifles, if one simply allows large faces to be "present" on the screen, one has achieved the Antonioni style. What he lacks are: a meaningful story devoid of stale devices and fake irony; a sense of rhythm and of tension that lets him know when a "held" shot is becoming more boring or more beautiful; a philosophical ground from which all else flowers, not superficial pastiche profundity; an encompassing aesthetic that translates his life-view into affecting art.

Summerskin (Angel)
Stowaway in the Sky
(Lopert)

Of this, in Torre Nilsson, nothing. He has a moderately keen eye for composition and for the arresting, he has an *ambition* to be a serious director. Not much more.

His sententiousness begins with his belief that this script – by his wife, Beatriz Guido – is serious. Essentially it is comic. Marcela is the granddaughter of a successful courtesan, still practising. Grandma's current lover has a sick son who has a year to live. The father will give Marcela, post mortem, a year in Paris and a Dior wardrobe if she will comfort the young man's last months. She accepts. He falls in love with her; she responds. At the last the young man is miraculously cured, which surprises no one except the people in the picture. (Up to this point, as Colette would have seen, it is a comedy.) When he informs Marcela of his cure, she tells him she hates him, that all she wants now is the promised price. He shoots himself.

The denouement is a dogged insistence on bitterness; it does not grow out of the story. Marcela's summerskin (we should say "tan") is figuratively her response to the boy's summertime ardor which, she thinks, will fade in the autumn when he dies. But we experienced film-goers know that she will be genuinely drawn to him. After he leaves, presumably forever, she sits lonely on the beach for days and starts up hopefully at every passing car. Then why does she burst into loathing when he reappears and tells her the good news?

Films like this – all mannerism without style, ambition without means – come often from countries where artists are without nourishing traditions and where audiences tend to overpraise the local product to prove that they are culturally equal with any other country. This is not to say that some nations are Calvinistically elect in culture and the rest are out of grace forever, but good art in any form usually comes from a country that has been working in that form for some time. The South American films we have so far seen here substantiate this view. A Brazilian film has won this year's Cannes prize and may prove a harbinger of less imitative and hollow film-making.

Torre Nilsson wrote recently: "I feel an enormous modesty at every showing of *Summerskin*." This seems appropriate.

Stowaway in the Sky, which is French, is a perfect contrast, a film arising from a culture that has won its large triumphs, has the self-confidence merely to play, and knows *how* to play in art. *Stowaway* was made by Albert Lamorisse, whose *Red Balloon* explored Paris aerially with considerable charm. His new picture explores the French countryside even more effectively.

The story, insofar as it matters, concerns a boy who hides in the basket of a new type of balloon invented by his Parisian grandfather. They travel north, then back across Paris to the south, setting down at evening for *fêtes champêtres* that I wanted to share. The film employs Helivision – low altitude photography from a helicopter – revealing what is supposedly seen from the balloon.

What we see is France: old villages tucked in dells, a wedding in Brittany outside an ancient church, flights of flamingoes, a forest fire, farms and fields and lanes where life has been loved for generations. The color is subtle and exquisite. The low, slow aerial view is novel and interesting and, in an odd way, gives one a paternal, possessive feeling for the country.

To criticize the film's anachronisms, acting, and irrelevance to contemporary French life would be like criticizing the plots of those operas that exist only for their arias. The arias here are the plentiful pictures of what Jefferson called every man's second *patrie*.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Correspondence

Broader Tax Incentives

Sirs:

Although I agree with the reasons given in your April 23 issue for support of the proposed eight percent tax credit on investment in machinery and equipment, there is much more that should be said. The proposal in the new tax bill has a laudable aim – to stimulate private spending for capital equipment. However, if the Administration is to achieve its twin goals of reducing unemployment, and restoring a favorable balance of trade, a broader set of tax incentives will be needed.

The eight percent tax credit clearly favors the capital intensive industries, as it is meant to do. Yet to what purpose? Even with the tax credit, the steel, auto, and oil industries will not become heavy exporters, nor will their domestic markets expand automatically. (The same comment would apply to the electric utilities if they are granted a four percent tax credit on the amount by which their investments exceed normal depreciation.) All that can be expected in those industries is that labor saving equipment will replace more of the labor force. Unless other sectors of the economy are stimulated, there will be no way to absorb the displaced workers.

It may be wise, therefore, to consider some additional proposals: 1) tax credits for Research and Development expenditures in excess of certain minimums, 2) tax credits for companies that export more of their output on a percentage basis than the national average. 3) Tax credits for marginal or newly formed companies. 4) Tax credits for companies that invest in the so-called public sector of the economy. 5) Tax credits for labor intensive industries that steadily increase employment.

Of these, possibly the most important is the stimulation of Research and Development. The government is already sponsoring an enormous amount of such spending. More can be done: the Canadian government is proposing to subsidize 50 percent of research done by Canadian firms. The Surrey amendment is preoccupied with machinery obsolescence; it ignores the importance of new products. The B-707, a plane that didn't exist five years ago, is a major US export. Sheet steel, a product easily made, the world over, is not. The eight percent tax credit will not change the picture. Tax credits to companies spending more than a fixed minimum of gross income for research and development might.

Since the tax credit is of little assistance to companies with no earnings, or to newly formed concerns without the capital to make substantial investment in capital equipment, some provision should be made to help them. One index to the health of the economy has been the number of new businesses begun each year. If more are begun, it may be that more of the surplus labor force can be absorbed.

Similar comments apply to service industries. These, the fastest growing segment of the economy, derive little benefit from the eight percent credit proposed. Perhaps incentives should be granted to those companies that steadily increase employment year by year.

Since the adverse gold flow makes the need for increased US exports acute, a more rounded tax bill might include stimuli for exporters. Tax inducements might be offered to companies who up their exports to hard currency countries, to companies who expand in the US for the purpose of shipping abroad.

Finally, tax credits might be offered to stimulate construction in the so-called public sector of the economy. Hospitals, schools, and airports are badly needed. If some way were found to increase the private funds available for such projects, structural unemployment might be lessened, and underemployment for heavy industry facilities ended. Incidentally, the German and French Governments immediately after World War II, offered tax incentives to domestic corporations that would undertake housing projects. In Germany one corporation built 20,000 apartments for its employees.

By these devices, undesirable distortions in the flow of funds to industry may be avoided. Unless they are employed, the capital intensive industries may receive an undue share of new investment; the result may be further excess capacity in those sectors, and in the long run, increased unemployment.

Murray Silberstein
New York, N. Y.

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France and the Western Alliance

Sirs:

Denis Healey in *The New Republic* of May 14 suggests that "to ignore de Gaulle's demands" is "the only policy with any prospect of success." He goes on to put forth the view that France's contribution to the Western Alliance is so small that "the West would lose little if he withdrew it altogether." To begin with, France must be kept within the Western Alliance for geographical as well as military reasons if NATO is to survive. Furthermore, the British contribution in military terms has long been negligible. The British Labourite MP goes on to assert that de Gaulle has been indifferent to and obstructed the growth of the Common Market. This is false. France has since 1958 speeded the development of the Common Market.

While it may be extremely short-sighted to accept de Gaulle's assertion that his policy incarnates the will of the French people, it would be equally foolish to dismiss Gaullist nationalism as unrepresentative of French thinking. After all, it was during the Premiership of Pierre Mendès-France that the European Defense Community was defeated in the National Assembly, and that the French military nuclear program got under way. To ignore de Gaulle, expecting that American problems with France will automatically improve as soon as the General passes from the scene, is a dangerously naïve way of regarding the European scene.

James Chace
New York, N. Y.

The Portuguese in Angola

Sirs:

To anyone who knows Angola, the Ball-Larner report in your issue of April 16, appears both wicked and ridiculous. It is wicked because it is just one more instance in which an anonymous source levels untrue accusations of the basest sort against Portuguese Angola.

I will not attempt a point-by-point refutation of the anonymous student's charges. I would rather call your attention to the impartial report issued in March of this year by the International Labor Organization Commission in Geneva. This Commission was appointed last year to examine Ghana's complaint about labor conditions in Portuguese Africa. After extensive travel and first-hand study in Angola, Mozambique and other parts of Portuguese Africa, the Commission once and for all settled the charges which Communist sources have been pressing against Portugal for years concerning "slave-labor." The ILO published on March 5, 1962, a 390-page report which exonerated Portugal of all charges of violation of international labor conventions, labelling the charges unproved and in some cases "both irresponsible and untrue."

The Commission noted that Portugal is "rightly proud of the absence of any racial discrimination in her territories" and "has been impressed by the many signs of constructive economic and social development in both Angola and Mozambique."

The charge "that almost all the land is owned by a handful of rich Portuguese" is an outright lie. The fact is that more than 95 percent of the arable land in Angola either is owned by native Africans or is in the public domain.

Since the World Health Organization has begun to keep records and statistics, Angola has always ranked among the first four countries of Africa in respect to numbers of hospitals per capita, infirmaries, and mobile units for control of tropical diseases. In October a university will be opened in Angola. Scholarships and the practice of bringing students to Portugal at government expense will be continued, however.

Illiteracy is admittedly high in remote rural areas, but no more so than in similar areas in the rest of Africa. In the urban areas 30 percent of the natives are literate. With the reforms announced last year, literacy rates will increase at a more rapid rate. Nobody starves there and there is increasing well being of all elements of the society, including the poorest natives. In contrast, according to reports by reliable observers and reporters, there is in Red China today mass starvation and misery and terror on a scale never before known in the history of mankind.

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